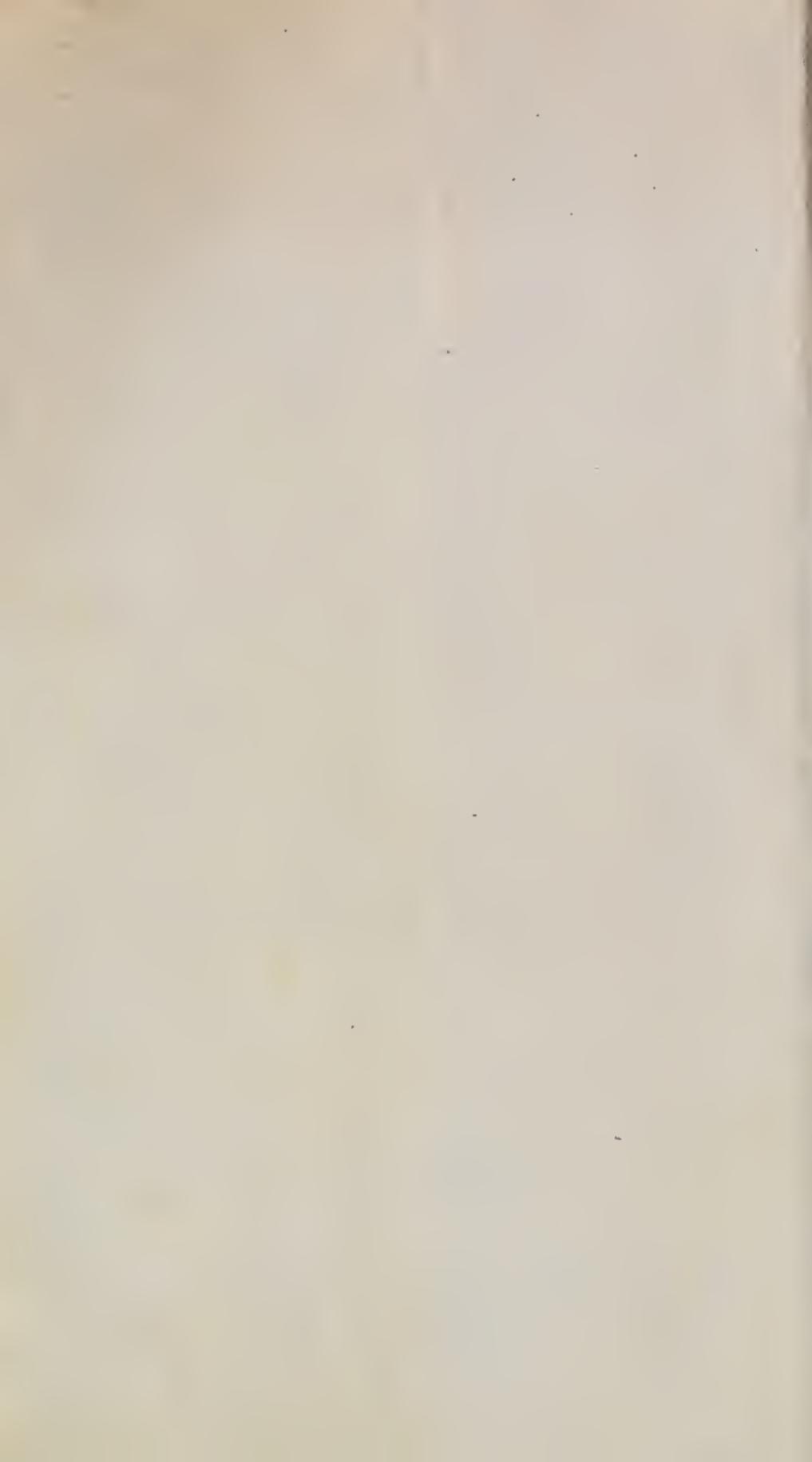


V.



W. H. G.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

White, Sc.

Virginius.

Virginius. I've seen this face! Tut! tut! I know it
As well as I do my own, yet can't bethink me
Whose face it is!

Virginia. You mean Achilles' face!

Act I. Scene 2.

VIRGINIUS:

A TRAGEDY,

In Five Acts,

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.,

Author of Virginius, Cain's Grace, The Love-Chase, The Hunchback, Love, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND UPPER THAMES STREET.

Chase

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DEDICATION.

To WILLIAM MACREADY, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

What can I do less than dedicate this Tragedy to you? This is a question which you cannot answer; but I can—I cannot do less; and if I could do more, I ought, and would.

I was a perfect stranger to you. You read my play, and at once committed yourself respecting its merits. This, perhaps, is not saying much for your head—but it says a great deal for your heart; and that is the consideration which, above all others, makes me feel happy, and proud, in subscribing myself,

Your grateful Friend and Servant,

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

London, May 20, 1820.

REMARKS.

Virginius.

THERE is not in history, ancient or modern, a story of deeper woe— one that exhibits a more exalted picture of true greatness, than the sacrifice of Virginia by her father, to save her from the lust of the Decemvir Appius. The tale is simple and grand, and full of dramatic interest, which should centre in one catastrophe, the death of Virginia. All beyond that is extraneous. It is harder for the poet to pourtray than the imagination to conceive the agony of a fond father after having been reduced to so sad an extremity. Nor is it necessary to show by what means the tyrant fell, whether by his own ignoble hand, or by the fury of the tribunes. When he falls by that of Virginius, he falls too nobly. And, though the introduction of the urn containing the ashes of Virginia, may produce an involuntary shudder—though it cause the heart to throb and the eyes to o'er-flow—the plot had been more integral and complete, had it concluded with the terrible denunciation of Virginius, when he draws forth the weapon reeking with his daughter's blood :—

“ Lo ! Appius ! with this innocent blood,
I do devote thee to the infernal gods !”

An author, however, who writes for the stage, must often violate his own judgment to fall in with the public taste. Addison complained of this dire necessity, when he introduced the loves of Juba and Marcia in Cato. The audience had been so long accustomed to love scenes, that a tragedy without an amour would have stood no chance of success. We are therefore ready to admit, that though such a conclusion would have been more in accordance with true taste, it is a question if the play had been equally popular had the distraction of Virginius, the death of Appius, and the exhibition of the urn, been omitted. It is singular, conversant as Shakspeare was with ancient history, that two such interesting stories of Imperial Rome, the death of Virginia, and the judgment of Brutus, should have escaped his vigilance. Yet, great as was the sacrifice that Brutus made by

devoting his offending son to the violated laws of Rome, far greater was that of Virginius, who sacrificed an only child, that had never offended, and with his own arm struck the blow. We bow with reverence to such an example of god-like virtue. To him the life of Virginia is "dear as the ruddy drops that warm his heart," but her honour is infinitely dearer—to him is presented the alternative of sacrificing the one or the other—his decision is noble—sacred therefore be his sorrows. Nothing short of inspiration can pourtray the wanderings and agony of a disordered mind and a broken heart. That inspiration belongs to Shakspeare; and, taking *Lear* as the highest standard—to *him alone*—in all its supremacy and grandeur.

Looking to the tragic writers of the present day, Mr. Knowles is perhaps, the only one among them that is worthy to treat so noble a subject as the death of Virginia. If he has not the sublime enthusiasm of true poetry, he has no prose run mad—his style is level, in which there is much to praise and little to condemn.

Virginius has all the bravery of the warrior, the ardent love of liberty, of a free-born citizen, and the tenderness of a father: and so happily are these qualities blended in him, that he ranks as one of the most illustrious characters that Rome has handed down for the admiration of mankind. Mr. Knowles has represented Virginius with great truth, nor has he been less successful in his portrait of Virginia; her gentleness and constancy are well preserved. In *Dentatus*, he has measured swords with Shakspeare, whose genius bears "a charmed life," yet is Mr. Knowles less a rival than an imitator. All the peculiarities of the veteran *Dentatus*, his sarcastic wit, his contempt of popular clamour, his independent spirit, and bravery, belong to the Patriarch Menenius; nor could the author of *Virginius* paint him otherwise—he has copied his original with great success, which is no mean achievement, when that original is *Shakspeare*.

Much praise is due to the mechanical part of this play—the arrangement of the scenes, and the disposition of the characters. Dramatic effect has been kept in view, of which the scene where *Nunitorius* and *Servia* reproach *Appius*, and that where *Virginius* stabs his daughter, are very favourable instances. Mr. Knowles has occasionally imitated the bold simplicity and familiar style of the ancient dramatists. He has also borrowed just sufficient from that heavy play entitled "Virginia," written by *Henry Crisp*, and acted in Drury Lane in 1754, to warrant our making an allusion to it, and no more.

It is pleasing to speak in laudatory terms of an actor like Mr. Macready. It is at all times more gratifying to greet success than to record a failure; and if, in noticing his *Shakspearian* efforts, we have had occasion to remark how infinitely they fell beneath the conception of the poet—we hail the present opportunity of

him his just meed of applause; for it would be impossible to name this tragedy, and forget the actor to whom, in a great measure, it owes its popularity. Mr. Macready's performance is nervous and bold—it has much of the dignity and all the paternal tenderness of this illustrious Roman. His early interviews with Virginia were tender and playful—he warmed with every scene, and the dreadful agony of his spirit, and the convulsive tremors of his frame, while he is meditating his last great sacrifice, were finely depicted. We admired him least in the subsequent scenes—he tried to produce effect (and a very disagreeable one it did produce), by straining his voice from the lowest note to the top of the compass, and we now and then had occasion to exclaim—

“ Avaunt, unnatural start, affected pause!”

Any actor that imitates *Kean* is sure to fail. *Kean's* beauties are peculiar, and cannot be transmitted—his faults are no less so, and become intolerable in any actor but himself. We remember the story of a literary witling that wore a glass, because *Pope* was near-sighted. An actor, when he *affects* a hoarse voice and extravagant gestures, does not *imitate* but burlesque *Kean*.

Miss Foote *looked* *Virginia* to the life—she also played with delicacy and feeling. Mr. Terry in *Dentatus*, had no more discretion than a malt-horse—he missed all the sarcasm that Munden throws into *Menenius*—*Dentatus* is a veteran soldier, rough in manner, and rude in speech. Mr. Terry made him a low snarler, a bluff savage, something between *Diogenes* and *Charles the Twelfth*.

 D—Q.

Costume.

APPIUS.—Toga and purple stripe, flesh legs, and red sandals.
SPURIUS. } General's armour, toga, and stripe flesh legs, and
VIBULANUS. } sandals.
HONORIUS. } Toga, with red bands; and sandals.
VALERIUS. }
CAIUS. } Plain togas, and sandals.
MARCUS. }
DENTATUS. } Plain togas and armour, and black sandals.
VIRGINIUS. }
NUMITORIUS. }
ICILIUS. } Plain togas and mourning, and russet sandals.
LUCIUS. }
PUBLIUS. }
DECIUS. } Lamberkeens, armour, and white kilt, flesh legs,
SEXTUS. } and sandals.
TITUS. } Citizens, as in Coriolanus, brown stuff dresses, flesh
SERVIUS. } legs, and russet sandals.
CNEIUS.—Plain toga.

VIRGINIA.—Plain white; white robe, trimmed with white fringe; plain white ribbon tied round her head, and hanging down behind.

SERVIA.—White dress; red robe, trimmed with yellow; plain white ribbon tied round her head, and long ends hanging down behind.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may in all cases be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*, S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

R.

RC

C.

LC.

L.

Cast of the Characters in the Tragedy of *Virginius*, at the Theatres-Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, 1826.

		Covent Garden.	Drury Lane.
<i>Appius Claudius</i>	Mr. Abbott.	Mr. Archer.
<i>Spurius Oppius</i>	Mr. White.	Mr. Howell.
<i>Vibulanus</i>	Mr. Jefferies.	Mr. Harold.
<i>Honorius</i>	Mr. Norris.	Mr. Sutton.
<i>Valerius</i>	Mr. Vedy.	Mr. Honnor.
<i>Caius Claudius</i>	Mr. Connor.	Mr. Penley.
<i>Marcus</i>	Mr. Claremont.	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Dentatus</i>	Mr. Terry.	Mr. Terry.
<i>Virgininius</i>	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Macready.
<i>Numiterius</i>	Mr. Egerton.	Mr. Pope.
<i>Itilius</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. Wallack.
<i>Lucius</i>	Mr. Comer.	Mr. Younge.
<i>Publius</i>	Mr. Meats.	Mr. Gibbon.
<i>Decius</i>	Mr. Treby.	Mr. Yarnold.
<i>Sextus</i>	Mr. Crumpton.	Mr. Webster.
<i>Titus</i>	Mr. Faust.	Mr. Mercer.
<i>Servius</i>	Mr. Atkins.	Mr. Randall.
<i>Orcius</i>	Mr. King.	
<i>Virginia</i>	Daughter of <i>Virginius</i>	Miss Foote.
<i>Servia</i>	Her Nurse	Mrs. Faust.
<i>Female Slave</i>	Mrs. Chipp.
Citizens, Male and Female—Soldiers, Lictors, &c.			
SCENE, Chiefly Rome.			

The passages marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

VIRGINIUS.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter SERVIUS and CNEIUS, and Citizens, L.—Citizens stand on L.

Ser. CARBO denied a hearing!

Cne. (c.) Ay, and Marcellus cast into prison, because he sued a friend of one of the Decemvirs for a sum of money he had lent him.

Ser. (R. c.) And Appius resisted not? Appius! that in the first Decemvirate was a god to the people.

Cne. Resisted not! Nay, was most loud in favour of the decree; but hither comes Virginius, who interested himself so much in Carbo's affair. He looks a little heated. Is not that Titus he is speaking to? Stand aside, Master, and listen.

[Retire back on L.]

Enter VIRGINIUS and TITUS, R.

Vir. (c.) Why did you make him Decemvir, and first Decemvir too?

Tit. (R.) We had tried him, and found him honest.

Vir. (L. c.) And could you not have remained content? Why try him again, to find him dishonest? Knew ye not he was a Patrician, and of the Claudian family?

Tit. He laid down the Consulate—

Vir. Ha! ha! ha! to be elected into the Decemvirate, and he was so; and he laid down his office of Decemvir, to be re-elected into the Decemvirate, and he is so: Ay, by Jupiter! and to the exclusion of his late colleagues! Did not Titus Genutius lay down the Consulate?

Tit. He did.

Vir. (c.) Was he not next to Appius in the Decemvirate?

Tit. He was.

Vir. Did you not find him honest?

Tit. We did find him honest..

Vir. As honest as Appius Claudius?

Tit. Quite as honest.

Vir. Quite as honest ! And why not re-elect him Decemvir ? Most sapient people ! You re-elect Appius into the Decemvirate for his honesty, and you thrust Titus out of the Decemvirate—I suppose for his honesty also ? Why, Appius was sick of the Decemvirate ! [Goes, L.]

Ser. (c.) I never heard him say so.

Vir. (L.) But he did say so—say so in my hearing ; in presence of the senators, Valerius and Caius Claudius, and I don't know how many others. 'Twas known to the whole body of the Senate—not that he was sick, but that he said so. Yes ! yes ! he and his colleagues, he said, had done the work of the Republic for a whole year, and it was now but just to grant them a little repose, and appoint others to succeed them..

Tit. Well, well, we can only say he changed his mind.

Vir. No, no, we needn't say that neither ; as he had laboured in the Decemvirate, perhaps he thought he might as well repose in the Decemvirate.

Tit. I know not what he thought. He is Decemvir, and we made him so, and cannot help ourselves. Fare you well, Virginius. Come, let's to the Forum.

[*Exeunt Titus, Servius, and Cneius, R.*]

Vir. [Still on L. looking after them and pointing.]
You cannot help yourselves ! Indeed, you cannot ;
You help'd to put your masters on your backs.
They like their seat, and make you show your paces ;
They ride you—sweat you—curb you—lash you—and
You cannot throw them off with all your mettle !
But here comes one, whose share in giving yon
To such unsparing riders, touches me
More nearly, for that I've an interest
In proving him a man of fair and most
Erect integrity. (c.) Good day, Icilius.

Enter ICILIUS, R. S. E.

Icil. (R. c.) Worthy Virginius ! 'tis an evil day
For Rome, that gives her more convincing proof,
The thing she took for hope, is but a base
And wretched counterfeit ! Our new Decemvirs
Are any thing but friends to justice and
Their country.

Vir. You, Icilius, had a hand
In their election. You applied to me

To aid you with my vote, in the Comitia;
 I told you then, and tell you now again,
 I am not pleas'd when a Patrician bends
 His head to a Plebeian's girdle ! Mark me !
 I'd rather he should stand aloof, and wear
 His shoulder high—especially the nephew
 Of Caius Claudius.

Icil. I would have pledg'd my life—

Vir. 'Twas a high gage, and meu have stak'd a higher
 On grounds as poor as yours—their honour, boy !
 Icilius, I have heard it all—your plans—
 The understanding 'twixt the heads of the people—
 Of whom, Icilius, you are reckon'd one, and
 Worthily—and Appius Claudius—all—
 'Twas every jot disclos'd to me.

Icil. By whom ?

Vir. Siccius Dentatus.

Icil. He disclos'd it to you ?

Siccius Dentatus is a crabbed man.

Vir. Siccius Dentatus is an honest man !
 There's not a worthier in Rome ! How now ?
 Has he deceiv'd me ? Do you call him liar ?
 My friend ! my comrade ! honest Siccius,
 That has fought in six score battles ?

Icil. Good Virginius,
 Siccius Dentatus is my friend—the friend
 Of every honest man in Rome—a brave man—
 A most brave man. Except yourself, Virginius,
 I do not know a man I prize above
 Siccius Dentatus—yet he's a crabbed man.

Vir. Yes, yes ; he is a crabbed man.

Icil. A man

Who loves too much to wear a jealous eye.

Vir. No, not a whit!—where there is double dealing,
 You are the best judge of your own concerns ;
 Yet, if it please you to communicate
 With me upon this subject, come and see me.
 I told you, boy, I favour'd not this stealing
 And winding into place. What he deserves,
 An honest man dares challenge 'gainst the world—
 But come and see me. [*Going, R.*] Appius Claudius chosen
 Decemvir, and his former colleagues, that
 Were quite as honest as himself, not chosen--
 No, not so much as nam'd by him—who nam'd
 Himself, and his new associates ! (*R.*) Well, 'tis true

Dog fights with dog, but honesty is not
 A cur doth bait his fellow—and e'en dogs,
 By habit of companionship, abide
 In terms of faith and cordiality—
 But come and see me.

[*A shout, L.*

Icili. (c.) Appius comes !
 The people still throng after him with shouts,
 Unwilling to believe their Jupiter
 Has mark'd them for his thunder. Will you stay,
 And see the homage that they render him ?

Vir. Not I ! Stay you ; and, as you made him, hail
 him ;
 And shout, and wave your hand, and cry, long live
 Our first and last Decemvir, Appius Claudius !
 For he is first and last, and every one !
 Rome owes you much, Icilius—Fare you well—
 I shall be glad to see you at my house.

[*Exeunt Virginius, R. Icilius, L.*

Enter APPPIUS CLAUDIUS, CLAUDIUS, SICCIUS DENTATUS,
 LUCIUS, TITUS, SERVIUS, MARCUS, and *Citizens*
 shouting, R. S. E.

Tit. Long live our first Decemvir !
 Long live Appius Claudius !
 Most noble Appius ! Appius and the Decemviroate for ever !

[*Citizens shout.*

App. (c.) My countrymen, and fellow citizens,
 We will deserve your favour.

Tit. (L.) You have deserv'd it,
 And will deserve it.

App. For that end we named
 Ourselv Decemvir.

Tit. You could not have nam'd a better man.

Den. (R.) For his own purpose.

[*Aside.*

App. Be assur'd, we hold
 Our power but for your good. Your gift it was ;
 And gifts make surest debtors. Fare you well —
 And, for your salutations, pardon me
 If I repay you only with an echo—
 Long live the worthy citizens of Rome !

[*Exit Appius, &c. the people shouting, L.*

Den. [*Going, c.*] That was a pretty echo ! (c.)—a most
 soft echo. I never thought your voices were half so sweet !
 a most melodious echo ! I'd have you ever after make your

music before the Patricians' Palaces ; they give most exquisite responses !—especially that of Appius Claudius ! a most delicate echo !

Tit. What means Dentatus ?

Ser. He's ever carping—nothing pleases him.

Den. (R.) O ! yes—you please me—please me mightily, I assure you.—You are noble legislators, take most especial care of your own interest, bestow your votes most wisely too—on him who has the wit to get you into the humour ; and withal, have most musical voices—most musical—if one may judge by their echo.

Tit. (R.) Why, what quarrel have you with our choice ? Could we have chosen better ?—I say, there are ten honest Decemvirs we have chosen.

Den. I pray you, name them me.

Tit. There's Appius Claudius, first Decemvir.

Den. Ay, call him the head ; you are right. Appius Claudius, the head. Go on !

Tit. And Quintus Fabius Vibulanus.

Den. The body, that eats and drinks while the head thinks. Call him Appius's stomach. Fill him, and keep him from cold and indigestion, and he'll never give Appius the head-ache ! Well ?—There's excellent comfort in having a good stomach !—Well ?

Tit. There's Cornelius, Marcus Servilius, Minucius, and Titus Antonius.

Den. (C.) Arms, legs, and thighs !

Tit. And Marcus Rabuleius.

Den. (R.C.) He'll do for a hand, and, as he's a Senator, we'll call him the right-hand. We could'nt do less, you know, for a Senator !—Well ?

Luc. At least, you'll say we did well in electing Quintus Petilius, Caius Duellius, and Spurius Oppius, men of our order ! sound men ! “ known sticklers for the people ”—at least you'll say we did well in that !

Den. And who dares say otherwise ? “ Well ? ” one might as well say “ ill ” as “ well.” Well is the very skirt of commendation : next neighbour to that mire and gutter, “ ill.” “ Well,” indeed ! you acted like yourselves ! Nay, e'en yourselves could not have acted better ! Why, had you not elected them—Appius would have gone without his left hand, and each of his two feet.

Ser. (C.) Out ! you are dishonest !

Den. Ha !

Ser. What would content you ?

Den. A post in a hot battle! Out, you cur! Do you talk to me?

Citizen. [From behind.] Down with him, he does nothing but insult the people.

[The crowd approach Dentatus threateningly]

Enter ICILIUS, suddenly, L. S. E.

Icil. Stand back! Who is't that says down with Siccins Dentatus? Down with him! 'Tis what the enemy could never do; and shall we do it for them? Who uttered that dishonest word? Who uttered it, I say? Let him answer a fitter, though less worthy, mate, Lucius Icilius!

Citizens. Stand back, and hear Icilius!

Icil. (c.) What! hav'nt I voted for the Decemvirs, and do I snarl at his jests? Has he not a right to jest? the good, honest Siccins Dentatus, that, alone, at the head of the veterans, vanquished the *Equi* for you. Has he not a right to jest? For shame! get to your houses! The worthy Dentatus! Cheer for him, if you are Romans! Cheer for him before you go! Cheer for him, I say!

[*Exeunt Citizens shouting, R. S. E.*

Den. (c.) And now, what thanks do you expect from me, Icilius?

Icil. (R.C.) None.

Den. By Jupiter, young man, had you thus stepped before me in the heat of battle, I would have cloven you down—but I'm obliged to you, Icilius—and hark you! There's a piece of furniture in the house of a friend of mine, that's called Virginius, I think you've set your heart upon—dainty enough—yet not amiss for a young man to covet. Ne'er lose your hopes! He may be brought into the mind to part with it.—As to these curs, I question which I value more, their fawnings or their snarlings.—I thank you, boy! Do you walk this way?—I am glad of it! Come—'Tis a noble Decemvirate you have chosen for us! Come!

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*Virginius's House.*

Enter VIRGINIUS and SERVIA, with some of Virginia's work in her hand.

Vir. (c.) And is this all you have observed? I think There's nothing strange in that. An L and an I Twin'd with a V. Three very innocent letters To have bred such mischief in thy brain, good Servia!

Come, read this riddle to me.

Ser. (R. c.) You may laugh,
Virginius, but I'll read the riddle right.
The L doth stand for Lucius; and the I,
Icilius; which, I take it, will compose
Lucius Icilius.

Vir. So it will, good Servia.

Servia. Then, for the V; why, that is plain Virginia.

Vir. And now, what conjuration find you here?

Ser. What should I find, but love? The maid's in love,
And it is with Icilius. Look, the wreath
Is made of roses, that entwines the letters.

Vir. And this is all?

Ser. And is it not enough?

You'll find this figuring where'er you look:
There's not a piece of dainty work she does—
Embroidery, or painting—not a task
She finishes, but on the skirt, or border,
In needle-work, or pencil, this, her secret,
The silly wench betrays.

Vir. Go, send her to me—

Stay! Have you spoken to her of it?

Ser. (R.) I! Not I, indeed; I left that task to you—
Tho' once I asked her what the letters meant.
She laugh'd, and drew a scratch across them; but
Had scarce done so, 'ere her fair visage fell,
For grief that she had spoiled the cyphers—" and
A sigh came out, and then almost a tear;
And she did look as piteous on the harm
That she had done, as she had done it to
A thing, had sense to feel it." Never after
She let me note her at her work again.
She had good reason!

Vir. (L.) Send her to me, Servia. [Exit *Servia*, R.
There's something here, that looks as it would bring me
Anticipation of my wish. I think
Icilius loves my daughter (c.)—nay, I know it;
And such a man I'd challenge for her husband;—
And only waited, till her forward spring
Put on, a little more, the genial likeness
Of colouring into summer, (R. c.) ere I sought
To nurse a flower, which, blossoming too early,
Too early often dies; " but if it springs
Spontaneous, and, unlooked for, woos our hand
To tend and cherish it, the growth is healthful:

And 'twere untimely, as unkind, to check it."
I'll ascertain it shortly—soft, she comes.

[*Sits, c.*

Enter VIRGINIA, M. D.

Virginia. [*Standing on his L.*] Well, father, what's your will?

Vir. I wish'd to see you,
To ask you of your tasks—how they go on—
And what your masters say of you—what last
You did. I hope you never play
The truant?

Virginia. The truant! No, indeed, *Virginia*.

Vir. I am sure you do not—kiss me!

Virginia. O! my father,
I am so happy, when you're kind to me!

Vir. You are so happy when I'm kind to you!
Am I not always kind? I never spoke
An angry word to you in all my life,
Virginia! You are happy when I'm kind!
That's strange; and makes me think you have some reason
To fear I may be otherwise than kind—
Is't so, my girl?

Virginia. Indeed, I did not know
What I was saying to you!

Vir. Why, that's worse
And worse! What! when you said your father's kindness
Made you so happy, am I to believe
You were not thinking of him?

Virginia. I—

[*Greatly confused.*

Vir. Go, fetch me
The latest task you did. [*Exit Virginia, M. D.*]
It is enough.
Her artless speech, like crystal, shows the thing
"Twould hide, but only covers. "Tis enough!
She loves, and fears her father may condemn.

VIRGINIA, re-entering with a painting.

Here, sir.

Vir. What's this?

Virginia. 'Tis Homer's history
Of great Achilles parting from Briseis.

Vir. You have done it well. The colouring is good,
The figure's well design'd. "Tis very well!—
Whose face is this you've given to Achilles?

Virginia. Whose face?

Vir. I've seen this face! Tut! Tut! I know it

As well as I do my own, yet can't bethink me
Whose face it is !

Virginia. You mean Achilles' face ?

Vir. Did I not say so ? 'Tis the very face
Of—No ! No ! Not of him. There's too much youth
And comeliness ; and too much fire, to suit
The face of Siccius Dentatus.

Virginia. O !

You surely never took it for his face !

Vir. Why, no ; for now I look again, I'd swear
You lost the copy ere you drew the head,
And, to requite Achilles for the want
Of his own face, contriv'd to borrow one
From Lucius Icilius. My Dentatus,

Enter DENTATUS, L.

I am glad to see you !

[*Rises.* *Virginia* retires, R.

Den. (L. c.) 'Tis not for my news, then.

Vir. Your news ! What news ?

Den. More violence and wrong from these new masters of ours, our noble Decemvirs—these demi-gods of the good people of Rome ! No man's property is safe from them. Nay, it appears we hold our wives and daughters but by the tenure of their will. Their liking is the law. The Senators themselves, scared at their audacious rule, withdraw themselves to their villas and leave us to our fate. There are rumours, also, of new incursions by the Sabines.

Vir. Rome never saw such days.

Den. And she'll see worse, unless I fail in my reckoning. Is that *Virginia* ? [*Goes R. to her.*] I saw her not before. How does the fair *Virginia* ? Why, she is quite a woman. I was just now wishing for a daughter.

Vir. A plague, you mean.

Den. (R.) I am sure you should not say so.

Virginia. (R.) Indeed he should not ; and he does not say so,

Dentatus—not that I am not a plague,
But that he does not think me one, for all
I do to weary him. I am sure, Dentatus,
If to be thought to do well is to do well,
There's nothing I do ill : But it is far
From that ! for few things do I as I ought—
Yet every thing is well done with my father,
Dentatus.

Vir. [Goes to them.] That's well done, is it not, my friend? [Aside.]

But if you had a daughter, what would you do with her?

Den. I'd give her to Icilius. I should have been just now torn to pieces, but for his good offices. The gentle citizens, that are driven about by the Decemvirs' Lictors, like a herd of tame oxen, and, with most beast-like docility, only low applauses to them in return, would have done me the kindness to knock my brains out; but the noble Icilius bearded them singly, and railed them into temper. Had I a daughter worthy of such a husband, he should have such a wife, and a patrician's dower along with her.

Vir. I wish to speak with you, Dentatus. [They retire. to M. D.] Icilius is a young man whom I honor, but so far only as his conduct gives me warrant. He has had, as thou knowest, a principal hand in helping us to our Decemvirs. It may be that he is what I would gladly think him: but I must see him clearly, clearly, Dentatus. "If he has acted with the remotest understanding, touching the views of these new tyrants that we are cursed withal, I disclaim him as my friend! I cast him off for ever!"

[*Exeunt Virginius and Dentatus, M. D.*]

Virginia. (R.) How is it with my heart? I feel as one

That has lost every thing, and just before
Had nothing left to wish for! He will cast
Icilius off!—I never told it yet;
But take of me, thou gentle air, the secret—
And ever after breathe more balmy sweet
I love Icilius! "Yes, although to thee
I fear to tell it, that hast neither eye
To scan my looks, nor voice to echo me,
Nor e'en an o'er-apt ear to catch my words;
Yet, sweet invisible confidant, my secret
Once being thine—I tell thee, and I tell thee
Again—and yet again," I love Icilius!
He'll cast Icilius off!—not if Icilius
Approve his honour. That he'll ever do;
He speaks, and looks, and moves, a thing of honour,
Or honour never yet spoke, look'd, or mov'd,
Or was a thing of earth. (c.) O, come Icilius;
Do but appear, and thou art vindicated.

Enter ICILIUS, L.

Virginia! sweet Virginia! sure I heard

My name pronounc'd. [Both, c.] Was it by thee, Virginia ?
Thon dost not answer ? Then it was by thee—
O ! would'st thou tell me why thou nam'dst Icilius !

Virginia. My father is incens'd with thee. *Dentatus*
Has told him of the new Decenvirate,
How they abuse their office. You, he knows,
Have favoured their election, and he fears
May have some understanding of their plans.

Icil. He wrongs me then !

Virginia. I thank the gods !

Icil. For me !

Virginia ? Do you thank the gods for me ?
Your eye is moist—yet that may be for pity ;
Your hand doth tremble—that may be for fear ;
Your cheek is cover'd o'er with blushes ! What,
O what can that be for ?

Virginia. Icilius, leave me !

Icil. Leave thee, Virginia ? O ! a word—a word
Trembles upon my tongue, which, if it match
The thought that moves thee, now, and thou wilt let me
Pronounce that word, to speak that thought for thee,
I'll breathe—though I expire in the extacy
Of uttering it.

Virginia. Icilius, will you leave me ?

Icil. Love ! Love ! Virginia ! Love ! If I have spoke
Thy thought aright, ne'er be it said again,
The heart requires more service than the tongue
Can, at its best, perform. My tongue hath serv'd
Two hearts—but, lest it should o'erboast itself,
Two hearts with but one thought. Virginia !

Virginia, speak— [Virginia covers her face with her hands.
O, I have lov'd thee long :
So much the more extatic my delight.
To find thee mine at length.

Virginia. My secret's yours.
Keep it, and honour it, Icilius.

Enter VIRGINIUS and DENTATUS behind, M. D.

Vir. Icilius here !

Virginia. I ask thee now to leave me.

Icil. Leave thee ! who leaves a treasure he has covet'd
So long, and found so newly, ere he scans it
Again, and o'er again ; and asks and answers,
Repeats and answers, answers and repeats,
The half-mistrustful, half-assured question—

And is it mine indeed ?

Virginia. Indeed ! indeed !

Now leave me.

Icil. I must see thy father first,
And lay my soul before him.

Virginia. Not to-night.

Icil. Now worse than ever, dear Virginia !
Can I endure his doubts ; I'll lay my soul
Naked before him—win his friendship quite,
Or lose myself for ever ! [Going, is met by *Virginius*

Vir. (r. c.) Stop, Icilius !
Thou seest that hand ? It is a Roman's, boy ;
'Tis sworn to liberty—It is the friend
Of honour.—Dost thou think so ?

Icil. (r. c.) Do I think
Virginius owns that hand ?

Vir. (r.) Then you'll believe
It has an oath deadly to tyranny,
And is the foe of falsehood ! By the gods,
Knew it the lurking place of treason, though
It were a brother's heart, 'twould drag the caitiff
Forth. Dar'st thou take that hand ?

Icil. I dare, *Virginius*.
Vir. Then take it ! Is it weak in thy embrace ?
Returns it not thy gripe ? Thou wilt not hold
Faster by it, than it will hold by thee !
I overheard thee say, thou wast resolv'd
To win my friendship quite. Thou canst not win
What thou hast won already !—You will stay
And sup with us to night ?

Den. To be sure, he will !

Vir. And hark you, sir,
At your convenient time, appoint a day
Your friends and kinsmen may confer with me—
There is a bargain I would strike with you.
Come, to the supper-room. [Pausing, R.—*Virginia* stands

L. Icil. c.] Do you wait for me
To lead *Virginia* in, or will you do it ?

[*Icilius* goes eagerly to *Virginia*, and exit with he, R.
Come on, I say ; come on. Your hand, *Dentatus*.

[*Exeunt*, R.

ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter PUBLIUS, R. and SEXTUS, L.

Pub. This way ! We muster at the Flaminian gate.

Sext. Shall we not wait for Decius ?

Pub. No ; were he ten times Decius. They'll have already begun their march. Come on.

Enter NUMITORIUS.

Num. Do you belong to the fourth legion ?

Pub. We do.

Num. They are upon their march, then.

Pub. I told you so. Come on ! come on !

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Numitorius, what soldiers were those that just now parted from you ?

Num. Soldiers hastening to overtake the army, that's now upon it's march.

Luc. 'Tis all confirmed then ; the Sabines are in force upon our borders.

Num. I pray you tell me something new ! Know you not the senate has met, and the Decemvirs have come off triumphant, in spite of all opposition ?

Luc. Should they have been opposed in such a strait as this ?

Num. Aye, should they. They dared not have armed a single citizen without the order of the Senate ; which, had they not obtained, the country would have been left naked to the foe, and then they had been forced to make room for more popular magistrates.

Luc. Why were they not opposed then ?

Num. Did not I tell you they were opposed. Caius Claudius, Appius's own uncle, and Honorius, that noble senator, opposed them : and it was like to go against them, but for the brawling insolence of Spurius Oppius, and the effrontery of the head Decemvir, backed by the young Patricians.

Luc. So they are empowered to take up arms ?

Num. To be sure they are ; and they have done so.—

One body has already marched, and by this time, no doubt, has come to blows with the enemy. The levy is still proceeding. All the Decemvirs, but Appius, take the field. He remains in Rome to keep good order, that is the violater of all order. Why, where have you been, Lucius, to have felt no movement of so great and wide a stir? Your brother meets Virginius at his house to-day.—Come with me thither; for you, I know, are bid. Lucius, there's no huzzaing for your Decemvirs now!—Come on, we have outstaid the hour. [Exeunt, L.]

SCENE II.—*Virginius's House.*

Enter VIRGINIUS, ICILIUS, NUMITORIUS, LUCIUS, and others, L.

Vir. (c.) Welcome, Icilius! Welcome, friends! Icilius, I did design to speak with you of feasting And merriment, but war is now the word; One that unlovingly keeps time with mirth, Unless war's own—whene'er the battle's won, And safe carousing comrades drink to victory!

Icil. Virginius! have you changed your mind?

Vir. My mind?

What mind? How now! Are you that boy, Icilius! You set your heart so earnestly upon A dish of poor confections, that to balk you Makes you look blank! I did design to feast you Together with your friends—The times are changed—The march, the tent, the fight, becomes us now!

Icil. (l. c.) Virginius!

Vir. Well?

Icil. Virginius!

Vir. How the boy Reiterates my name.

Icil. There's not a hope I have, but is the client of Virginius.

Vir. (c.) Well, well! I only meant to put it off; We'll have the revel yet! the board shall smoke! The cup shall sparkle, and the jest shall soar And mock us from the roof! Will that content you? Not till the war be done tho'—Yet, ere then, Some tongue, that now needs only wag, to make The table ring, may have a tale to tell So petrifying, that it cannot utter it! I'll make all sure, that you may be my guest

At any rate—altho' you should be forced
To play the host for me and feast yourself.

Look here, [Shows a parchment to Icilius.]

How think you? Will it meet the charge?

Will it not do? We want a witness tho'!

I'll bring one; whom if you approve, I'll sign
The bond. I'll wait upon you instantly.

[Exit, R.]

Luc. (L.) How feel you now, Icilius?

Icil. (C.) Like a man

Whom the next moment makes, or quite unmakes.
With the intensity of exquisite

Suspense, my breathing thickens, and my heart
Beats heavily, and with remittant throb,
As like to lose its action—See! my hope
Is bless'd! I live! I live!

[Stands, L.]

Enter VIRGINIUS, R. conducting VIRGINIA, with
NUMITORIUS.

Vir. (R.) [Holding his daughter's hand.] You are my
witnesses,

That this young creature I present to you,
I do pronounce—my profitably cherish'd
And most deservedly beloved child; *

My daughter, truly filial—both in word
And act—yet even more in act than word.
And—for the man who seeks to win her love—
A virgin, from whose lips a soul as pure
Exhales, as e'er responded to the blessing
Breath'd in a parent's kiss. [Kissing her.] Icilius!

[Icilius rushes towards Virginius and kneels,

Since

You are upon your knees, young man, look up;
And lift your hands to heaven—You will be all
Her father has been—added unto all
A lover would be!

Icil. All that man should be
To woman, I will be to her!

Vir. The oath

Is registered! [Icilius rises.] Didst thou but know,

[Takes a hand of each.] young man,

How fondly I have watch'd her, since the day

Her mother died, and left me to a charge

Of double duty bound—how she hath been

My ponder'd thought by day, my dream by night,

My prayer, my vow, "my offering, my praise,"

My sweet companion, pupil, tutor, child!—
 Thou would'st not wonder, that my drowning eye,
 And choking utterance, upbraid my tongue
 That tells thee, she is thine! [Joins their hands.] Icilius,
 I do betroth her to thee; let but the war
 Be done—you shall espouse her. Friends, a word!

[*Virginia and the rest exēunt M. D.*

Icil. (c.) [Holding her hand.] Virginia! my Virginia!
 I am all

Dissolv'd—o'erpower'd with the munificence
 Of this auspicious hour—And thou, not mov'st—
 Nor look'st—nor speak'st—to bless me with a sigh,
 Of sweet according joy!—I love thee, but
 To make thee happy! If to make thee so
 Be bliss denied to me—lo, I release
 The gifted hand—that I would faster hold,
 Than wretches, bound for death, would cling to life—
 If thou would'st take it back—then take it back.

Virginia. I take it back—to give it thee again!

Icil. O help me to a word will speak my bliss,
 Or I am beggar'd—No! there is not one!
 There cannot be; for never man had bliss
 Like mine to name.

Virginia. “Thou dost but beggar me,
 Icilius, when thou mak'st thyself a bankrupt;
 Placing a value on me far above
 My real little worth.”—I'd help thee to
 A hundred words; each one of which would far
 O'er-rate thy gain, and yet no single one
 Rate over high!

Icil. Thou could'st not do it! No;
 Thou could'st not do it! Every term of worth
 Writ down and doubl'd, then the whole summ'd up,
 Would leave with thee a rich remainder still!—
 Pick from each rarer pattern of thy sex
 Her rarest charin, till thou hast every charm
 Of soul and body, that can blend in woman,
 I would out-paragon the paragon
 With thee!

Virginia. “And if thou would'st, I'd find thee, for
 Thy paragon, a mate—if that can be
 A mate which doth transcend the thing, 'tis ta'en
 To match—would make thy paragon look poor,
 And I would call that so o'ermatching mate
 Icilius.”

Icilius. No ! I will not let thee win
On such a theme as this !

Virginia. Nor will I drop
The controversy, that the richer makes me
The more I lose.

Icilius. My sweet Virginia,
We do but lose and lose, and win and win ;
" Playing for nothing but to lose and win ;"
Then let us stop the game—and thus I stop it.

[Kisses her.

Re-enter VIRGINIUS, and the others, M. D.

Vir. Witness, my friends, that seal ! Observe, it is
A living one ! It is Icilius' seal ;
And stamp'd upon as true and fair a bond—
Tho' it receive the impress blushingly—
As ever signet kiss'd ! Are all content ?
Speak else ! She is thy free affianc'd wife ;
Thou art her free affianc'd husband ! Come,
We have o'erdrawn our time—Farewell, Virginia ;
Thy future husband for a time must be
Bellona's. To thy tasks again, my child ;
Be thou the bride of study for a time.
Farewell !

Virginia. (r.) My father !

Vir. (r.) May the gods protect thee.

Virginia. My father !

Vir. Does the blood forsake thy cheek ?
Come to my arms once more ! Remember, girl,
The first and foremost debt a Roman owes,
Is to his country ; and it must be paid,
If need be, with his life. Why, how you hold me !
Icilius, take her from me ! [Icilius goes to her.] Hon
Within !
Within there ! Servia !

Enter SERVIA.

Look to your child !

Come, boy.

Icilius. (r.) Farewell, Virginia.

Vir. Take her in !

Virginia. The gods be with thee, my Icilius—Father,
The gods be with thee—and Icilius.

Vir. I swear, a battle might be fought and won
In half the time ! Now, once for all, farewell ;

Your sword and buckler, boy ! The foe ! the foe !
 Does he not tread on Roman ground ? Come on !
 Come on ! charge on him ! drive him back ! or die !
 [Exeunt *Virginia* and *Servia*, R.—the rest !

SCENE III.—*Appius's House.*

Enter APPIAS, L.

App. It was a triumph, the achieving which
 O'erpaid the risk was run—and that was great.
 They have made trial of their strength, and learn'd
 Its value from defeat. (c.) The Senate knows
 Its masters now : and the Decemvirate,
 To make it reign eternal, only wants
 Its own decree, which little pains will win.
 Ere this, the foe has, for his mad invasion,
 Been paid with chastisement. “ Retir'd within
 His proper limits, leisure waits upon us
 To help us to the recompense, decreed
 To our noble daring, who have set ourselves
 In such high seats, as at our feet array
 The wealth, and power, and dignity of Rome
 In absolute subjection ! Tyranny !
 How godlike is thy port ! Thou giv'st, and tak'st,
 And ask'st no other leave, than what thy own
 Imperial will accords. Jove does no more !”
 Now, *Claudius*—

Enter CLAUDIOUS, R.

Claud. We have suffer'd a defeat !

App. What ! The Decemvirs fly !

Claud. The soldiers fight
 With only half a heart. “ The other half
 Looks on, and cares not which side proves the winner.”

App. (c.) Then decimate them. Traitors ! Recreants !
 Why, we shall have them at our doors !
 Have we lost ground, my *Claudius* ?

Claud. (r. c.) None, except
 What we've retrac'd in fame. We strove to teach
 The enemy their road lay backwards, but
 They would not turn their faces for us. Each
 Retains his former line.

Enter MARCUS, R.

App. What news ?

Marc. (r.) The *Œqui*
 Still press upon us. Rumours are afloat
 Of new disasters, which the common ery,
 Be sure, still multiplies and swells. *Dentatus*,
 That over-busy, crabbed veteran,
 Walks up and down among the people, making
 Your plans his theme of laughter. Nought he stints
 That may reflect you in an odious light,
 And lower the decemvirate.

App. A dungeon
 Would do good service to him ! Once within,
 Strangling were easy ! We must stop his mouth—
 “Unwholesome food—or liquor”—Where was he
 When last you heard him ?

Marc. In the Forum.

App. So !
 He is past service, is he not ? Some way
 To clear the city of him. Come, we'll hear him,
 And answer him, and silence him ! 'Tis well
 The dog barks forth his spleen ; it puts us on
 Our guard against his bite. Come, to the Forum

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*The Forum.*

Enter DENTATUS, TITUS, SERVIUS, and Citizens, R.

Tit. (c.) What's to be done ?

Den. (c.) We'll be undone—that's to be done.

Ser. We'll do away with the Decemvirate.

Den. You'll do away with the Decemvirate ?—The Decemvirate will do away with you ! You'll do away with yourselves ! Do nothing—The enemy will do away with both of you. In another month, a Roman will be a stranger in Rome. A fine pass we are come to, Masters !

Tit. (r.) But something must be done.

Den. Why, what would you have ? You shout and clap your hands, as if it were a victory you heard of ; and yet you cry—Something must be done ! Truly I know not what that something is, unless it be to make you General. How say you, Masters ?

Ser. We'd follow any man that knew how to lead us, and would rid us of our foes, and the Decemvirate together.

Den. You made these Decemvirs ! You are strangely discontented with your own work ! And you are over-

cunning workmen too. You put your materials so firmly together, there's no such thing as taking them asunder! What you build, you build—except it be for your own good.—There you are bunglers at your craft. Ha! ha! ha! I cannot but laugh to think how you toiled, and strained, and sweated, to rear the stones of the building one above another, when I see the sorry faces you make at it.

Tit. But tell us the news again.

Den. Is it so good? Does it so please you? Then prick your ears again, and listen. We have been beaten again—beaten back on our own soil. Rome has seen its haughty masters fly before chastisement, like slaves—returning cries for blows—and all this of your Decemvirs, gentlemen.

1st Cit. (R.) Huzza for it again! [The people shout.

2nd Cit. (R.) Hush! Appius comes.

Den. (R.) And do you care for that? You that were, just now, within a stride of taking him and his colleagues by the throat? You'll do away with the Decemvirs, will you! And let but one of them appear, you dare not, for your life, but keep your spleen within your teeth! Listen to me, now! I'll speak the more for Appius—

Enter APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, and MARCUS, preceded by Lictors, R. U. E.

I say, to the eternal infamy of Rome, the foe has chased her sons, like hares, on their own soil, where they should prey like lions—and so they would, had they not keepers to tame them.

App. (c.) What's that you are saying to the people, Siccius Dentatus?

Den. I am regaling them with the news.

App. The news?

Den. (R. c.) Ay, the news—the newest that can be had; and the more novel, because unlooked for. Who ever thought to see the eagle in the talons of the kite?

App. It is not well done in you, Dentatus, to chafe a sore. It makes it rankle. If your surgery has learned no better, it should keep its hands to itself! You have very little to do, to busy yourself after this fashion.

Den. I busy myself as I like, Appius Claudius.

App. I know you do, when you labour to spread disaffection among the people, and bring the Decemvirs into contempt.

Den. The Decemvirs

App. Ha ! dare you say so ?

Den. [Closer to him.] Dare ! I have dared cry “ Come on !” to a cohort of bearded warriors—Is it thy smooth face should appal me ? Dare ! it never yet flurried me to use my arm—Shall I not, think you, be at my ease, when I but wag my tongue ? Dare, indeed !

[*Laughing contemptuously.*

App. Your grey hairs should keep company with honeste speech !

Den. Shall I show you, Appius, the company they are wont to keep ? Look here ! and here ! [Uncovering his forehead and shewing scars.] These are the vouchers of honest deeds—such is the speech with which my grey hairs keep company. I tell you, to your teeth, the Decemvirs bring themselves into contempt.

App. What, are they not serving their country at the head of her armies ?

Den. They'd serve her better in the body of her armies ! I'd name for thee, a hundred Centurions would make better generals. A common soldier, of a year's active service, would take his measures better. Generals ! Our generals were wont to teach us how to win battles.—Tactics are changed—Your generals instruct us how to lose them.

App. Do you see my lictors ?

Den. There are twelve of them.

App. What, if I bid them seize thee ?

Den. They'd blush to do it.

App. Why now, Dentatus, I begin to know you ; I fancied you a man that lov'd to vent His causeless anger in an under breath, And speak it in the ear—and only then When there was safety ! Such a one, you'll own, Is dangerous ; and, to be trusted as A friend or foe, unworthy. But I see You rail to faces—Have you not so much Respect for Appius as to take him by The hand—when he confesses you have some Pretence to quarrel with his colleagues' plans, And find fault with himself ? Which, yet you'll own, May quite as well be kindly done, Dentatus, As harshly—Had you only to myself Declar'd your discontents, the more you had rail'd, The more I should have thank'd you.

Den. Had I thought—

App. And have you been campaigning then so long,
And prosperously? and mistrust you, Siccius,
That a young scarless soldier, like myself,
Would listen to your tutoring? See, now,
How much you have mistaken me! Dentatus,
In a word—Can you assist the generals?
And will you?

Den. I have all the will—but as
For the ability—

App. Tut! Tut! Dentatus,
You vex me now! This coyness sits not well on you.
You know, as well as I, you have as much
Ability as will. I would not think you
A man that loved to find fault, but to find fault
Surely the evil you complain of, you
Would lend a hand to remedy! See, now,
'Tis fairly put to you—what say you?

Den. Appius!

You may use me as you please.

App. And that will be,
As you deserve! I'll send you as my Legate,
To the army! [Shout from the people.] Do you hear your
friends, Dentatus?

A lucky omen that! Away! away!
Apprise your house—prepare for setting out.
I'll hurry your credentials—Minutes now
Rate high as hours! Assist my colleagues with
Your counsel—if their plans displease you, why
Correct them—change them—utterly reject them;
And if you meet obstruction—notice me,
And I will push it by—There now! Your hand!—
Again! Away! All the success attend you,
That Appius wishes you!

Den. Success is from
The gods; whose hand soe'er it pleases them
To send it by—I know not what success
'Tis Appius' wish they send;—but this I know—
I am a soldier; and, as a soldier, I
Am bound to serve. All the success I ask,
Is that which benefits my country, Appius. [Exit *Den.*, L.]

App. (c.) You have serv'd her overlong! [Aside.]
Now for our causes.

[*Appius ascends the Tribunal near R. S. E.*]
Claud. (L. c.) [To *Marcus.*] Do you see the drift of this?
Marc. (L. c.) I cannot guess it.

Claud. Nor I.

App. [To a Plebeian, c.] Are you the suitor in this cause?

Speak !

Plebeian. Noble Appius, if there's law in Rome
To right a man most injur'd, to that law
Against yon proud Patrician I appeal.

App. No more of that, I say ! Because he's rich
And great, you call him proud ! 'Tis not unlike,
Because you're poor and mean, you call yourself
Injur'd.—Relate your story ; and, so please you,
Spare epithets !

Plebeian. Grant me a minute's pause,
I shall begin.

[*VIRGINIA* at this moment crosses the stage with her
Nurse, and is met by Numitorius, who holds her in
conversation ; *Appius* rivets his eyes upon her

Num. (c.) You have heard the news ?

Virginia. (c.) What news ? dear uncle !

Num. Step

Aside with me, I'll tell you.

[*Takes her a little farther from the Tribunai.*

App. Can it be
A mortal that I look upon ?

Virginia. They are safe !

I thank the gods !

App. Her eyes look up to heaven
Like something kindred to it—rather made
To send their glances down, and fill the earth
With worship and with gratulation—What
A thrill runs up and down my veins ; and all throughout
me !

Plebeian. Now, most noble Appius—

App. Stop !

Put off the cause, I cannot hear it now !

Attend to-morrow ! An oppressive closeness

Allows me not to breathe—Lictors ! make clear

The ground about the Rostrum !

[*Descends and approaches Claudius with precipitation.*

Claudius ! Claudius !—

Marcus, go you and summon my physician

To be at home before me. [*Exit Marcus.*] *Claudius*

Claudius ! there ! there !

Virginia. (L.) You send a messenger to-night ?

App. (R. c.) Paint me that smile ! I never saw a smile

Till now My Claudius, is she not a wonder ?
 I know not whether in the state of girlhood
 Or womanhood to call her.—'Twixt the two
 She stands, as that were loth to lose her, this
 To win her most impatient. The young year,
 Trembling and blushing 'twixt the striving kisses
 Of parting spring and meeting summer, seems
 Her only parallel !

Num. 'Tis well ! I'll send
 Your father word of this. But have you not
 A message to Icilius ?

App. Mark you, Claudius ?
 There is a blush !—I must possess her.

Virginia. Tell him,
 I think upon him—Farewell, Numitorius !

[*Exit with Servia, r.*

Num. (r.) Farewell, Virginia.

Claud. (r. c.) Master, will you tell me
 The name of that young maiden ?

Num. She is called
 Virginia, daughter of Virginius ;
 A Roman citizen, and a centurion
 In the army.

Claud. Thank you ; she is very like
 The daughter of a friend of mine. Farewell.

Num. Farewell !

[*Exit, r.*

App. (l. c.) I burn, my Claudius ! brain and heart.
 'There's not

A fibre in my body but's on fire !
 With what a gait she moves ! Such was not Hebe,
 Or Jupiter had sooner lost his heaven,
 Than changed his cup-bearer—a step like that
 The rapture-glowing clouds might well bear up,
 And never take for human ! Find me, Claudius,
 Some way to compass the possession of her.

Claud. Tis difficult—Her father's of repute ;
 The highest of his class.

App. I guessed it ! (r. c.) Friends
 Are ever friends, except when friends are needed.

Claud. Nay, Appius !—

App. (r.) If thou canst not give me hope,
 Be dumb !

Claud. A female agent may be used
 With some success.

App. How ? How ?

Claud. To tamper with
That woman that attends her.

App. Set about it.

Claud. Could she but be induced to help you to
A single meeting with her.

App. Claudius ! Claudius !
Effect but that.

Claud. I'll instantly about it.

App. (c.) Spare not my gold—nor stop at promises.
I will fulfil them fast as thou canst make them.
To purchase such a draught of extacy
I'd drain a kingdom—Set about it, Claudius !
Away ! I will not eat, nor drink, nor sleep,
Until I hear from thee !

Claud. (l. c.) Depend upon me !

App. I do, my Claudius ! for my life—my life !

[*Exeunt Appius, M. D. Claudius, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Appius's House.*

Enter APPIUS, L.

It is not love, (c.) if what I've felt before
And call'd by such a name, be love—a thing
That took its turn—that I could entertain,
Put off, or humour—'tis some other thing ;
Or if the same, why in some other state—
Or I am not the same—or it hath found
Some other part of sensibility
More quick, whereon to try its power, and there
Expends it all ? Now, Claudius, your success ?

Enter CLAUDIUS,

Claud. (r.) Nothing would do, yet nothing left undone !
She was not to be purchas'd

App. (r. c.) Did she guess—

Claud. She could not,
So guarded was my agent ; who described you
A man of power, of noble family,

And regal fortune—one that ask'd not what
His pleasures cost—no further made disclosure.

App. (c.) And did it nothing move her, Claudius?

Claud. (r. c.) Nothing.

The more my agent urg'd, the more the shrunk
And wither'd hag grew callous ; further press'd,
And with more urgent importuning, ire
And scorn, in imprecations and invectives
Vent'd upon the monster (as she call'd him)
That would pollute her child, compell'd my advocate
To drop the suit she saw was hopeless.

App. Now

Had I a friend indeed

Claud. Has Appius need

To search for such a friend, and Claudius by him ?

App. Friends ever are provisionally friends—
Friends for so far—Friends just to such a point
And then “ farewell ! ” friends with an understanding—
As “ should the road be pretty safe ”—“ the sea
Not over-rough ” and so on—friends of *ifs*
And *buts*—no friends !—O, could I find the man
Would be a simple, thorough-going friend !

Claud. I thought you had one, Appius.

App. (l. c.) So thought Appius.

Till Appius thought upon a test of friendship,
He fears he would not give unto himself,
Could he be Appius' friend.

Claud. Then Appius has

A truer friend than Appius is to Appius.

I'll give that test !

[Meet at c. and join hands.]

App. What ! you'd remove her father
And that Icilius whom you told me of ?

Claud. Count it as done.

App. My Claudius, is it true ?

Can I believe it ? art thou such a friend,
That, when I look'd for thee to stop and leave me,
I find thee keeping with me, step by step ;
And even in thy loving eagerness
Outstriding me ? I do not want thee, Claudius,
To soil thy hand with their Plebeian blood.

Claud. What would'st thou, then ?

App. I was left guardian to thee—

Claud. Thou wast.

App. Amongst the various property
Thy father left, were many female slaves.

Claud. Well ?

App. It were easy for thee, (were it not ?)
To invent a tale, that one of them confess'd
She had sold a female infant (and of course
Thy slave) unto Virginius' wife, who pass'd i.
Upon Virginius as his daughter, which,
Supposititious offspring is this same
Virginia ?

Claud. I conceive you.'

App. To induce
The woman to confirm your tale, would ask
But small persuasion. Is it done ?

Claud. This hour.
I know the school, my Appius, where Virginia
Pursues her studies ; thither I'll repair,
And seize her as my slave at once. Do thou
Repair to thy tribunal, whither, should
Her friends molest me in the attempt, I'll bring her,
And plead my cause before thee.

App. (L.) Claudius ! Claudius !
How shall I pay thee ? O, thou noble friend !
Power, fortune, life, whate'er belongs to Appius,
Reckon as thine ! Away, away, my Claudius !

[*Exeunt Appius, L., Claudius, R.*

SCENE II.—*A Street in Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, L. meeting TITUS, SERVIUS, and CNEIUS.

Luc. Well, Masters, any news of Siccinius Dentatus from
the camp ? How was he received by the Decemvirs ?

Tit. He was received well by the Decemvirs.

Cne. It wasn't then for the love they bear him.

Tit. But they expect he'll help them to return the cuffs
they have gotten from the enemy.

Servius. Do you wish for a victory ?

Luc. Yes, if Dentatus wins it. "Tis to our credit, Mas-
ters—He's one of us.

Ser. And is not Spurius Oppius one of us ?

Luc. He is ; but he is in league with the patricians—
"that is, the patrician Decemvirs." He is but half a ple-
beian; and that is the worse half.—"The better half he
threw away when he became half a patrician." I never
liked your half-and-half gentry ; they generally combine
the bad of both kinds, without the good of either.

Ser. Well, we shall have news presently. Your bro-
ther, Icilius, has just arrived with despatches from the

camp. I met him passing through the Forum, and asked him what news he brought? He answered, none; but added, we might look for news of another kind than what we had been lately accustomed to hear. [A shriek without, L.

Cne. What's that?

Tit. Look yonder, Masters! See!

Ser. 'Tis Appius's client dragging a young woman along with him.

Tit. Let us stand by each other, Masters, and prevent him.

Enter CLAUDIUS, L. dragging along VIRGINIA, followed by SERVIA, and others.

Servia. (L. c.) Help! help! help!

Luc. (c.) Let go your hold!

Claud. (c.) Stand by!

She is my slave!

Servia. His slave? Help! help! His slave? He looks more like a slave than she! Good Masters! Protect the daughter of Virginius.

Luc. Release the maid.

Tit. Forbear this violence.

Claud. I call for the assistance of the laws;

She is my slave.

Servia. She is my daughter, Masters, My foster-daughter; and her mother was A free-born woman—and her father is A citizen, a Roman—good Virginius, As I said before—Virginius, the Centurion, Whom all of you must know.—Help! help! I say, You see she cannot speak to help herself; Speak for her, Masters—help her, if you're men!

Tit. Let go your hold.

Claud. Obstruct me, at your peril.

Luc. We'll make you, if you will not.

Claud. Let me pass.

Ser. Let go your hold, once more.

Claud. Good Masters! patience—

Hear me, I say—She is my slave—I wish not To use this violence, my friends; but may not A master seize upon his slave?—Make way, Or such of you as are dissatisfied Repair with me to the Decemvir.—Come, I only want my right!

Tit. Come on then!

Ser. Ay,

To the Decemvir !

Servia. Run, run for Numitorius !—Alarm our neighbours !—Call out Icilius's friends !—I shall go mad ! Help ! help ! help !

SCENE III.—*The Forum.*

Enter APPIUS, R. U. E. preceded by Lictors.

App. (c.) Will he succeed ?—Will he attempt it ?— Will he

Go through with it ?—[*Looking out, L.*]—No sign—I almost wish

He had not undertaken it ; yet wish,
More than I wish for life, he may accomplish
What he has undertaken. O ! the pause
That precedes action ! It is vacancy
That o'erweighs action's substance. What I fear
Is, that his courage can't withstand her tears
That will be sure to try and succour her ;
Pointing, as 'twere, to every charm, and pleading
With melting eloquence. I hear a sound
As of approaching clamour—and the rush
Of distant feet—He comes ! I must prepare
For his reception.

[*APPIUS ascends the Tribunal. CLAUDIUS enters still holding VIRGINIA, followed by SERVIA; Women and Citizens, crying "shame!"*

Claud. Do not press upon me ;
Here's the Decemvir—he will satisfy you,
Whether a master has a right or not
To seize his slave when he finds her.

Servia. She is no slave
Of thine ! She never was a slave ! Thou slave !
To call her by that name—Ay ! threaten me !
She is a free-born maid, and not a slave,
Or never was a free-born maid in Rome !
O ! you shall dearly answer for it !

App. Peace !
What quarrel's this ? Speak, those who are aggrieved

Enter NUMITORIUS, L.

Num. (L.) Where is Virginia ? Wherefore do you hold
That maiden's hand ?

Claud. Who asks the question ?

Num. I ! Her uncle, Numitorius.

Claud. Numitorius, you think yourself her uncle—

Numitorius,
No blood of yours flows in her veins, to give you
The title you would claim. Most noble Appius !
If you sit here for justice—as I think
You do, attend not to the clamour of
This man, who calls himself this damsel's *uncle*.
She is my property—was born beneath
My father's roof, whose slave her mother was,
Who (as I can establish past dispute)
Sold her an infant to Virginius' wife,
Who never had a child, and heavily
Revolv'd her barrenness. My slave I have found
And seiz'd—as who that finds his own (no matter
How long soever miss'd) should fear to take it ?
If they oppose my claim, they may produce
Their counter-proofs and bring the cause to trial !
But till they prove mine own is not mine own—
(An undertaking somewhat perilous)
Mine own I shall retain—yet giving them
Should they demand it, what security
They please, for re-producing her.

App. Why that
Would be but reasonable.

Num. Reasonable !
Claudius !— [*With much vehemence—recollects himself.*] He's but a mask upon the face
Of some more powerful contriver.— [*Aside.*]—Appius !
My niece's father is from Rome, thou know'st,
Serving his country. Is it not unjust,
In the absence of a citizen, to suffer
His right to his own child to be disputed ?
Grant us a day to fetch Virginius,
That he himself may answer this most foul
And novel suit—Meanwhile to me belongs
The custody of the maid—her uncle's house
Can better answer for her honour than
The house of Claudius. 'Tis the law of Rome
Before a final sentence, the defendant
In his possession is not to sustain
Disturbance from the plaintiff.

Tit. A just law.

Ser. And a most reasonable demand.

All the Cits. (L.) Ay ! Ay ! Ay !

App. Silence, you citizens : will you restrain

Your tongues, and give your magistrate permission
To speak? The law is just—most reasonable—
I fram'd that law myself—I will protect
That law!

Tit. "Most noble Appius!"

Ser. "A most just decree!"

All the Cits. "Ay! Ay!"

App. "Will you be silent? Will you please to wait
For my decree, you most untractable
And boisterous citizens! I do repeat it,"
I fram'd that law myself, and will protect it.
But are you, Numitorius, here defendant?
That title, none but the reputed father
Of the young woman has a right to—How
Can I commit to thee what may appear
The plaintiff's property; and if not his,
Still is not thine? I'll give thee till to-morrow
Ere I pass a final judgment—But the girl
Remains with Claudius, who shall bind himself
In such security as you require,
To re-produce her at the claim of him
Who calls her daughter. This is my decree.

Num. A foul decree. Shame! shame!

Ser. Aye, a most foul decree.

Cne. A villainous decree.

Ser. Most villainous!

Servia. (c.) Good citizens, what do you with our
weapons,
When you should use your own? Your hands!—your
hands!

He shall not take her from us.

Gather round her,

And if he touch her, be it to his cost;
And if ye see him touch her, never more
Expect from us your titles—never more
Be husbands, brothers, lovers, at our mouths,
Or any thing that doth imply the name
Of men—except such men as men should blush for.

App. Command your wives and daughters, citizens,
They quit the forum.

Servia. They shall not command us,
That care not to protect us.

App. Take the girl,
If she is yours.

Claud. Stand by.

Virginia. O, help me ! help me !

Enter ICILIUS, L.

Icil. Virginia's voice. Virginia ! [Rushes to her.

Virginia. O, Icilius ! [Falls fainting in his arms.

Ici! Take her, good Numitorius.

App. You had better

Withdraw, Icilius ; the affair is judged.

Claud. (L. c.) I claim my slave.

Icil. (c.) Stand back, thou double slave !

Touch her, and I will tear thee, limb from limb,
Before thy master's face.—She is my wife,
My life, my heart, my heart's blood.—Touch her
With but a look—

App. My Lictors, there, advance !

See that Icilius quits the Forum.—Claudius,
Secure your slave.

Icil. Lictors, a moment pause

For your own sakes. Do not mistake these arms ;
Think not the strength of any common man
Is that they feel. They serve a charmed frame,
The which a power pervades, that ten times trebles
The natural energy of each single nerve
To sweep you down as reeds.

App. Obey my orders !

Icil. Appius ! before I quit the Forum, let me
Address a word to you.

App. Be brief, then !

Icil. Is't not enough you have depriv'd us, Appius,
Of the two strongest bulwarks to our liberties

Our tribunes and our privilege of appeal

To the assembly of the people ? Cannot

The honour of the Roman maids be safe ?

Thou know'st this virgin is betroth'd to me,

Wife of my hope—Thou shalt not cross my hope

And I retain my life—attempt it not !—

I stand among my fellow-citizens—

His fellow-soldiers hem Virginius round ;

Both men and gods are on our side ; but grant

I stood alone, with nought but virtuous love

To hearten me—alone would I defeat

The execution of thy infamous

Decree ! I'll quit the Forum now, but not

Alone—my love ! my wife ! my free-bor' maid—

The virgin standard of my pride and manhood

“ Ot peerless motto!—rich and fresh, and shining,
And of device most rare and glorious”—
I'll bear off safe with me—unstain'd—untouch'd!

[Embracing her.

App. Your duty, Lictors—Claudius, look to your right.

Icili. True citizens!

Tit. Down with the traitor!

Ser. Down with him—slay him!

[*The Lictors and Claudius are driven back; Claudius takes refuge at Appius's feet, who has descended, and throws up his arms as a signal to both parties to desist*—*whereupon the people retire a little.*

App. So, friends! we thank you that you don't deprive us
Of every thing; but leave your magistrates,
At least their persons, sacred—their decrecs,
It seems, you value as you value straws,
And in like manner break them. Wherefore stop
When you have gone so far? You might, methinks,
As well have kill'd my client at my feet,
As threaten him with death before my face!
Rise, Claudius! I perceive Icilius' aim:
He labours to restore the tribuneship
By means of a sedition. We'll not give him
The least pretence of quarrel. (r. c.) We shall wait
Virginius's arrival till to-morrow.
His friends take care to notice him—The camp's
But four hours journey from the city. Till
To-morrow, then, let me prevail with you
To yield up something of your right, and let
The girl remain at liberty.

Claud. (r.) If they
Produce security for her appearance,
I am content.

Tit. I'll be your security.

Ser. And I.

Citizens. We'll all be your security

[*They hold up their hands.*

Icili. My friends,
And fellow-citizens, I thank you; but
Reserve your kindness for to-morrow, friends,
If Claudius still persist—To-day, I hope,
He will remain content with my security,
And that of Numitorius, for the maid's
Appearance.

App. See she do appear!—and come

Prepar'd to pay the laws more reverence,
As I shall surely see that they receive it.

[*Exeunt Appius, Claudius, and Lictors, M. D*

Icil. Look up ! look up ! my sweet Virginia,
Look up ! look up ! you will see none but friends.
O that such eyes should e'er meet other prospects !

Virginia. Icilius ! Uncle ! lead me home ! Icilius,
You did not think to take a slave to wife ?

Icil. I thought, and think, to wed a free-born maid ;
And thou, and thou alone, art she, Virginia !

Virginia. I feel as I were so—I do not think
I am his slave ! Virginius not my father !
Virginius, my dear father, not my father !
It cannot be ; my life must come from him ;
For, make him not my father, it will go
From me.—I could not live, an he were not
My father !

Icil. Dear Virginia, calm thy thoughts.
But who shall warn Virginius ?

Num. I've ta'en care
Of that ; no sooner heard I of this claim,
Than I despatch'd thy brother Lucius,
Together with my son, to bring Virginius,
With all the speed they could ; and caution'd them
(As he is something over quick of temper,
And might snatch justice, rather than sue for it)
To evade communication of the cause,
And merely say his presence was required,
Till we should have him with us. Come, Virginia ;
Thy uncle's house shall guard thee, till thou find'st
Within thy father's arms a citadel,
Whence Claudius cannot take thee.

Icil. He shall take
A thousand lives first.

Tit. Ay, ten thousand lives.

Icil. Hear you, Virginia ! Do you hear your friends ?

Virginia. Let him take my life first : I am content
To be his slave then—if I am his slave.

Icil. Thou art a free-born Roman maid, Virginia ,
All Rome doth know thee so, Virginia—
All Rome will see thee so.

Citizens. We will ! we will !

Icil. You'll meet us here to morrow ?

Citizens. All ! all !

Icil. Cease not to clamour 'gainst this outrage. Tell it

In every corner of the city ; and
 Let no man call himself a son of Rome,
 Who stands aloof when tyranny assails
 Her fairest daughter. Come, Virginia,
 'Tis not a private, but a common wrong ;
 'Tis every father's, lover's, freeman's cause ;
 To-morrow ! fellow citizens, to-morrow !

Citizens. To-morrow !

[*Exeunt shouting, L.*

SCENE IV.—*The Camp.*

Enter S. OPPIUS and Q. F. VIBULANUS.

Opp. (L.) Has he set out ?

Vibul. He has, my Oppius,
 And never to return ! His guard's instructed
 To take good care of him. There's not a man
 But's ten times sold to us, and of our wishes
 Fully possess'd. Dentatus will no more
 Obstruct us in our plans. He did not like
 The site of our encampment. He will find
 At least the air of it was wholesome.

Opp. What

Report are they instructed to bring back ?

Vibul. They fell into an ambush—He was slain

Opp. But should the truth, by any means, come out ?

Vibul. Imprison them, and secretly despatch them,
 Or ope' the dungeon doors, and let them 'scape.

Opp. I should prefer the latter method.

Vibul. Well,

That be our choice. But when it is determined
 To spill blood otherwise than as it may,
 Be spill'd, to hesitate about some drops
 Is weakness, may be fatal.—Come, my friend,
 Let us be seen about the camp, and ready,
 With most admiring ear, to catch the tidings
 Will be the wonder of all ears, but ours.
 Here's one anticipates us !

Enter MARCUS, R.

Well, your news ?

Marc. (R.) Dentatus is no more ! but he has dearly sold
 his life. The matter has been reported as you directed.
 By few it is received with credence—by many with doubt ;
 while some bold spirits stop not at muttering, but loudly
 speak suspicion of foul play. A party that we met, a mile

beyond the lines, no sooner heard our story, than they set off to bring the body to the camp. Others have followed them. Fabius, we have your gage for safety.

Vibul. You have.—Come, let us shew ourselves.—Guilt hides,

And we must wear the port of innocence,
That more than half way meets accusal.—Come.

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE V.—*A Mountainous Pass.—The body of DENTATUS discovered on a bier, L. C.—Soldiers mourning over it.—Trumpets.*

Enter VIRGINIUS, R. U. E.

Vir. (c.) Where is Dentatus?—Where is the gallant soldier?

Ah, comrade! comrade! warm! yet warm! So lately,
Gone, when I would have given the world, only
To say farewell to thee, or even get
A parting look! O gallant, gallant soldier,
The god of war might sure have spar'd a head
Grown grey in serving him! My brave old comrade!
The father of the field! Thy silver locks
Other anointing should receive, than what
Their master's blood could furnish!

1st Soldier. There has been treachery here.

Vir. What!

1st Soldier. The slain are all our own. None of the bodies are stripp'd—These are all Romans. There is not the slightest trace of an enemy's retreat—And now I remember they made a sudden halt, when we came in sight of them at the foot of the mountain—Mark'd you not, too, with what confused haste they told their story, directed us, and hurried on to the camp?

Vir. Revenge! The Decemvirs! Ay, the Decemvirs!
For every drop of blood thou shalt have ten,
Dentatus!

Luc. [Without, R.] What hoa! Virginius! Virginius!

Vir. Here! here!

Enter LUCIUS, R.

Luc. 'Tis well you're found, Virginius!

Vir. What makes you from the city? Look!
My Lucius, what a sight you're come to witness.
My brave old comrade! Honest Siccius!

“ Siccius Dentatus, that true son of Rome,
 On whose white locks the mother look'd more proudly
 Than on the raven ones of her youngest and
 Most hopeful sons, is nothing but this,
 The sign and token of himself !” Look, comrades,
 Here are the foes have slain him—Not a trace
 Of any other—not a body stripp'd—
 Our father has been murdered—We'll revenge him
 Like sons ! Take up the body ! Bear it to
 The camp ; and as you move your solemn march,
 Be dumb—or, if you speak, be it but a word ;
 And be that word—Revenge !

[*The Soldiers bear off the body R.—Virginius, following, is stopped by Lucius.*

Luc. (l. c.) Virginius !

Vir. I did not mind thee, Lucius !

Uncommon things make common things forgot.
 Hast thou a message for me, Lucius ? Well !
 I'll stay and hear it—but be brief ; my heart
 Follows poor Dentatus.

Luc. (c.) You are wanted
 In Rome.

Vir. On what account ?

Luc. On your arrival
 You'll learn.

Vir. How ! is it something can't be told
 At once ? Speak out, boy ! Ha ! your looks are loaded
 With matter—Is't so heavy that your tongue
 Cannot unburden them ? Your brother left
 The camp on duty yesterday—hath ought
 Happen'd to him ? Did he arrive in safety ?
 Is he safe ? Is he well ?

Luc. He is both safe and well.

Vir. What then ? What then ? Tell me the matter,
 Lucius.

Luc. I have said
 It shall be told you.

Vir. Shall ! I stay not for
 That shall, unless it be so close at hand
 It stop me not a moment.—'Tis too long
 A coming. Fare you well, my Lucius.

Luc. (c.) Stay,
 Virginius.—Hear me then with patience.

Vir. [Returns.] Well,
 I am patient.

{ *Going R.*

Luc. Your Virginia—

Vir. (R. C.) Stop, my Lucius !

I am cold in every member of my frame !
If 'tis prophetic, Lucius, of thy news,
Give me such token as her tomb would, Lucius—
I'll bear it better.—Silence.

Luc. You are still—

Vir. I thank thee, Jupiter ! I am still a father !

Luc. You are, Virginius, yet.

Vir. What, is she sick ?

Luc. No.

Vir. Neither dead nor sick ! All well ! No harm !
Nothing amiss ! Each guarded quarter safe,
That fear may lay him down and sleep, and yet
This sounding the alarm ! I swear thou tell'st
A story strangely.—Out with't ! I have patience
For any thing, since my Virginia lives,
And lives in health !

Luc. You are requir'd in Rome,
To answer a most novel suit.

Vir. Whose suit ?

Luc. The suit of Claudius.

Vir. Claudius !

Luc. Him that's client
To Appius Claudius, the Decemvir.

Vir. What !

That pander ! Ha ! Virginia ! you appear
To couple them. What makes my fair Virginia
In company with Claudius ? Innocence
Beside lasciviousness ! His suit ! What suit ?
Ansver me quickly !—Quickly ! lest suspense,
Beyond what patience can endure, coercing,
Drive reason from his seat !

Luc. He has claim'd Virginia.

Vir. Claim'd her ! Claim'd her !

On what pretence ?

Luc. He says she is the child
Of a slave of his, who sold her to thy wife.

Vir. Go on ;—you see I'm calm.

Luc. He seized her in
The school, and dragg'd her to the Forum, where
Appius was giving judgment.

Vir. Dragg'd her to
The Forum ! Well ?—I told you, Lucius
I would be patient.

Luc. Numitorius there confronted him !

Vir. Did he not strike him dead ?

True, true, I know it was in presence of
The Decemvir—O ! had I confronted him !

Well ! well ! the issue—Well ! (L.) o'erleap all else,
And light upon the issue ! Where is she ?

Luc. (R.) I was despatch'd to fetch thee, ere I could
learn.

Vir. The claim of Claudius—Appius's client—Ha !
I see the master-cloud (c.)—this ragged one,
That lowers before, moves only in subservience
To the ascendant of the other—Jove,
With its own mischief break it and disperse it,
And that be all the ruin ! Patience ! Prudence !
Nay, prudence, but no patience.—Come ! a slave
Dragg'd through the streets in open day ! my child !
My daughter ! my fair daughter, in the eyes
Of Rome ! O ! I'll be patient. Come ! the essence
Of my best blood in the free common ear
Condemn'd as vile ! O ! I'll be patient. Come !
O they shall wonder.—I will be so patient. [Exit, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Numitorius's House.*

Virginia discovered c., supported by *Servia*.

Virginia. Is he not yet arrived ? Will he not come ?

Servia. He surely will.

Virginia. He surely will ! More surely
He had arrived already, had he known
How he is wanted—“ They have miss'd him, Servia !
Don't tell me, but I know they have, or surely
We had not now been looking for him.” Where's
My uncle ?

Servia. Finding you had fallen asleep
After such watching, he went forth to hear
If there were any tidings of Virginius.
He's here.

Enter *NUMITORIUS*, R.—*VIRGINIA* looks at him inquisitively
for some time

Virginia. Not come ! not come ! I am sure of it !

He will not come. Do you not think he'll come?
 Will not my father come? What think you, uncle?
 Speak to me, speak—O give me any words,
 Rather than what looks utter.

Num. (c.) Be compos'd!
 I hope he'll come!

Virginia. A little while ago
 You were sure of it—from certainty to hope
 Is a poor step: you hope he'll come—One hope,
 One little hope, to face a thousand fears!
 “Do you not know he'll come? O, uncle, wherefore
 Do you not know he'll come? Had I been you,
 I had made sure of it.

Num. All has been done
 That could be done.

Virginia. Poor all, that does so little!
 One would imagine little needs be done
 To bring a father to the succour of
 His child!” ’Tis near the time!

Num. It is, indeed!
Virginia. Must I go forth with you? Must I again
 Be dragg'd along by Claudius as his slave,
 And none again to succour me?—Icilius!
 Icilius! Does your true betrothed wife
 Call on you, and you hear not? My Icilius!
 Am I to be your wife or Claudius' slave?
 Where—where are you, Icilius?

Enter ICILIUS, R

Icil. My Virginia!
 What's to be done, my friend? 'tis almost time.

[To Numitorius.

Virginia. I hear what you are saying—it is time—
 “O, who could have believed it, that Icilius
 Should ever say 'twas time to yield me to
 Another's claim!”—And will you give me up?
 Can you devise no means to keep me from him?
 Could we not fly?

[*Icilius looks earnestly at Numitorius, who fixes his eyes
 steadfastly on the ground: Icilius droops his head.*
 I see!—Your pledge
 Must be redeem'd, although it cost you your
 Virginia.

Vir. [Without, R.] Is she here?

Virginia. Ah!

Enter VIRGINIUS.

Vir. My child ! my child !

[VIRGINIUS rushes into her father's arms.]

Virginia. I am ! I feel I am ! I know I am !

My father ! my dear father ! “ I despair’d
Of seeing you ! ” You’re come ! and come in time.
And, O ! how much the more in time, when hope
Had given you up. O ! welcome, welcome foot,
Whose wished step is heard when least expected ! ”

Vir. (c.) Brother ! Icilius ! thank you ! thank you.

—All

Has been communicated to me. Ay !
And would they take thee from me ? Let them try it !
You’ve ta’en your measures well—I scarce could pass
Along, so was I check’d by loving hands
Ready to serve me. Hands with hearts in them !
So thou art Claudius’ slave ? And if thou art,
I’m surely not thy father ! Blister’d villain !
You have warn’d our neighbours, have you not, to attend
As witnesses ? To be sure you have. A fool
To ask the question. Dragg’d along the streets too !
’Twas very kind in him, to go himself
And fetch thee—such an honour should not pass
Without acknowledgement. I shall return it
In full ! In full !

Num. (r. c.) Pray you be prudent, brother.

Virginia (c.) Dear father, be advised—Will you not,
father ?

Vir. I never saw you look so much like your mother
In all my life !

Virginia. You’ll be advis’d, dear father ?

Vir. It was her soul—her soul, that play’d just then
About the features of her child, and lit them
Into the likeness of her own. When first
She plac’d thee in my arms—I recollect it
As a thing of yesterday !—she wish’d, she said,
That it had been a man. I answer’d her,
It was the mother of a race of men ;
And paid her for thee with a kiss. Her lips
Are cold now—could they but be warm’d again,
How they would clamour for thee !

Virginia. My dear father,
You do not answer me ! Will you not be advis’d ?

Vir. I will not take him by the throat and strangle him !

But I could do it! I could do it! Fear not :
 I will not strike while any head I love
 Is in the way. It is not now a time
 To tell thee—but, would'st thou believe it!—honest
 Siccius Dentatus has been murder'd by them.

Icilius. Murdered!

Num. Dentatus murder'd!

Virginia. O! how much

Have we to fear.

Vir. We have the less to fear.

I spread the news at every step—A fire
 Is kindled, that will blaze at but a breath
 Into the fiercest flame!

Num. 'Tis time. Let's haste
 To the Forum.

[*Going, R*

Vir. Let the Forum wait for us!
 Put on no show of fear, when villainy
 Would wrestle with you! It can keep its feet
 Only with cowards! I shall walk along
 Slowly and calmly, with my daughter thus
 In my hand: though with another kind of gripe
 Than that which Claudius gave her. Well, I say,
 I'll walk along thus, in the eyes of Rome.
 Go you before, and what appeal soe'er
 You please, make you to rouse up friends. For me,
 I shall be mute—my eloquence is here—
 Her tears—her youth—her innocence—her beauty!
 If orators like these can't move the heart,
 Tongues surely may be dumb.

Icilius. (L. C.) A thousand hearts.
 Have spoke already in her cause!

Vir. Come on!
 Fear not! it is your father's grasp you feel.
 O, he'll be strong as never man was, that
 Will take thee from it. Come, *Virginia*;
 We trust our cause to Rome and to the gods!

[*Virginia* leads her off R. *Icilius, &c.* follow.

SCENE II.—*The Forum.*

Enter APPIUS and LICTORS, R. U. E.

App. See you keep back the people! Use your fasces
 With firmer hands, or hearts. Your hands are firm
 Enough, would but your hearts perform their office
 'And leave your hands at liberty, not hang

Upon them with unseemly fears and clamours !”
 Look to it ! “ Time ! hadst thou the theme that I have
 For speed, thou would’st not move this cripple’s gait :
 But there’s no urging thee, and thou wast ever
 Dull fellow traveller to young Impatience, ,
 Dragging him back upon the road he pants
 To run, but cannot find without thee.”

Enter MARCUS, R.

Well ?

Marc. (r.) News has arriv’d, that speaks as if *Dentatus*
 Was murder’d by the order of your colleagues !
 There’s not a face I meet but lowers with it :
 The streets are fill’d with thronging groups, that, as
 You pass, grow silent, and look sullen round on you,
 Then fall again to converse.

App. (c.) ‘Tis ill-tim’d.

Marc. What say you, *Appius* ?

App. Murder’s ill-tim’d, I say,
 Happen when ’twill ; but now is most ill-tim’d,
 When Rome is in a ferment, on account
 Of *Claudius*, and this girl he calls his slave ;
 “ For come when evil will, or how it will,
 All’s laid to our account ! ” Look out and see
 If *Claudius* be approaching yet.

[Marcus retires into back ground.]

“ My wish,
 Like an officious friend, comes out of time
 To tell me of success. I had rather far
 It had miscarried—they run high enough ;
 They wanted not this squall on squall to raise them
 Above their present swell—the waves run high
 Enough, through which we steer ;—but such a haven,
 If won, can never be too dearly won ! ”

Marc. *[Advancing.]* *Claudius* is here !

Enter CLAUDIUS, L.

App. Well, *Claudius*, are the forces
 At hand ?

Claud. They are, and timely too ; the people
 Are in unwonted ferment.

App. I have heard
 Word has arriv’d of old *Dentatus*’ death ;
 Which, as I hear, and wonder not to hear it,
 The mutinous citizen lay to our account.

Claud. That's bad enough; yet—

App. Ha! what's worse?

Claud. 'Tis best

At once to speak what you must learn at last
Yet last of all would learn.

App. Virginius!

Claud. Yes!

He has arriv'd in Rome.

Marc. They are coming, Appius.

Claud. Fly Marcus, hurry down the forces!

[*Exit Marcus.*] Appius,

Be not o'erwhelm'd!

App. There's something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!

Claud. Look

Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

APPIUS ascends the tribunal.—Enter L. NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS, VIRGINIUS leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS.—A dead silence prevails.—VIRGINIUS and Daughter stand L.

Vir. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that they
Who cast off shame should likewise cast off fear—
“ And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammier forth the signal?”

App. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage:
This is not the fashion that will serve you.

Vir. (c.) [Having left Virginia L. with Icilius.] The
fashion, Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius;
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

App. Stand forth,
Claudius ! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak ; if not,
Bring on some other cause.

Claud. (r. c.) Most noble Appius —

Vir. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave ? — Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.

Claud. She is mine, then :
Do I not look at you ?

Vir. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking — turning every way
To shun me. “ You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,
When it would pass it off for truth.” Your soul
Dares as soon show its face to me. — Go on,
I had forgot ; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.

Claud. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir !

App. You shall have it.

Vir. Doubtless !

App. Keep back the people, Lictors ! What’s
Your plea ? You say the girl’s your slave — Produce
Your proofs.

Claud. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl —

[*Virginius, about to speak, is withheld by Numitorius.*

Num. (r. c.) Hold, brother ! Hear them out, or suffer
me
To speak.

Vir. (l. c.) Man, I must speak, or go mad !
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking ? “ Were’t not better, brother, think you,
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad
And then to speak ? ” She was thy sister, too !
Well, well, speak thou. I’ll try, and if I can
Be silent.

[*Retires.*

Num. Will she swear she is her child ?

Vir. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will — a most
wise question that !

Is she not his slave ? Will his tongue lie for him —

Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
 Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
 To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,
 Sing, dance, or wag her head; do any thing
 That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
 What mockery it is to have one's life
 In jeopardy by such a bare-fac'd trick!
 Is it to be endur'd? I do protest
 Against her oath!

App. No law in Rome, Virginius,
 Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
 The evidence is good, unless confronted
 By better evidence. Look you to that,
 Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath

Virginia. Icilius!

Icil. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
 Will answer her.

App. [To the Slave, L.] You swear the girl's your child
 And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
 Who pass'd her for her own. Is that your oath?

Slave. [Coming round to the front of the Tribunal.

It is my oath.

App. Your answer now, Virginius?

Vir. Here it is! [Brings Virginia forward to C.

Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
 'Tis not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by
 The shoot you know the rank and order of
 The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
 For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—
 The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
 Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
 The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
 The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
 Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
 In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
 In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
 The day first look'd upon the infant's face,
 And never look'd so pleas'd, help'd them up to it.
 And bless'd her for a blessing—Here, the eyes
 That saw her lying at the generous
 And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
 Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
 To cherish her enamell'd veins. The lie
 Is most unfruitful then, that takes the flower—
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—

To prove its barrenness ! Speak for me, friends .
Have I not spoke the truth ?

*W*omen and *C*itizens. You have, *Virginius*.

*A*pp. Silence, keep silence there. No more of that !
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.

[*Troops appear behind.*

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance !
We have had a taste of your forbearance masters,
And wish not for another.

*V*ir. Troops in the Forum !

*A*pp. *Virginius*, have you spoken ?

*V*ir. If you have heard me,
I have ; if not, I'll speak again.

*A*pp. You need not,
Virginius ; I have evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.

*V*ir. Your hand, *Virginia* !

Stand close to me.

[*Aside.*

*A*pp. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. "Tis notorious to you all,
That *Claudius*' father, at his death, declar'd me
The guardian of his son—This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.

*V*ir. Join your friends, *Icilius*,
And leave *Virginia* to my care.

[*Aside, L. C.*

*A*pp. "The justice

I should have done my client, unrequir'd,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse ?"

*V*ir. Don't tremble, girl ! don't tremble. [*Aside.*

*A*pp. *Virginius*,
I feel for you ; but, though you were my father
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take *Virginia* home with him !

*V*ir. And if he must, I should advise him, *Appius*
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation, which his eyes
Already have begun. [*Turning to the Citizens.*] Friends
fellow-citizens !

Look not on *Claudius*—Look on your Decemvir !

He is the master claims *Virginia* !

The tongue she told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of *Claudius*,

His client, his purveyor, that caters for
 His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,
 And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
 His sensual feast, and is not now ashame'd,
 In the open, common street, before your eyes—
 Frightening your daughters and your matrons' cheeks
 With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
 To the honour of a Romau maid ! my child !
 Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
 This second Tarquin had already coil'd
 His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans !
 Befriend her ! succour her ! see her not polluted
 Before her father's eyes !—He is but one.
 Tear her from Appius and his Lictors, while
 She is unstain'd—Your hands ! your hands ! your hands !
Citizens. They are yours, Virginius.

App. Keep the people back—
 Support my Lictors, soldiers ! Seize the girl,
 And drive the people back.

Icil. (L.) Down with the slaves !

[The people make a show of resistance, but, upon the advancing of the Soldiers, retreat, and leave Icilius, Virginius, and his Daughter, &c. in the hands of Appius and his party.]

Deserted !—Cowards ! Traitors ! “ Let me free
 But for a moment ! I relied on you ;
 Had I relied upon myself alone
 I had kept them still at bay ! I kneel to you—
 Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
 To rush upon your swords !”

Vir. Icilius, peace !
 You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
 Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
 Nerveless and helpless

App. Away with him !

Icil. Virginia ! Tyrant ! My Virginia !

App. Away with him ! *[Icilius is taken aside.]*
 Separate them, Lictors !

Vir. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius :
 It is not very easy. Though her arms
 Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which
 She grasps me, Appius—Forcing them will hurt them
 They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
 You know you 're sure of her !

App. I have not time

To idle with thee ; give her to my Lictors.

Vir. Appius, I pray you wait ! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius,
For even such a time. " They that have liv'd
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allow'd
A little time for parting." Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse ; perhaps she'll give me
Some token, will unloose a tie, so twin'd
And knotted round my heart, that if you break it
My heart breaks with it.

App. Have your wish. Be brief !
Lictors, look to them.

Virginia. Do you go from me ?
Do you leave me ? Father ! Father .

Vir. No, my child ;
No, my Virginia—come along with me.

Virginia. Will you not leave me ? Will you take me
with you ?
Will you take me home again ? O, bless you, bless you !
My father ! my dear father ! Art thou not ?
My father ?

[*Virginia*, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously
around the Forum ; at length his eye falls on a butcher's
stall, L. with a knife upon it.

Vir. This way, my child—No, no ; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia ! I'll not leave thee.

App. Keep back the people, soldiers ! Let them not
Approach *Virginia* ! Keep the people back !

[*Virginia* secures the knife in the folds of his toga.
Well, have you done ?

Vir. Short time for converse, Appius ;
But I have.

App. I hope you are satisfied.

Vir. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter !

App. Take her, Lictors !

[*Virginia* shrieks, and falls half dead upon her
father's shoulder.

Vir. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'Tis my last embrace. 'Twont try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man !

Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long ! My dear child ! My dear Virginia !

[Kissing her.]

There is only one way to save thine honour—

’Tis this—

[Stabs her, and draws out the knife.—She falls and dies, L.
Lo ! Appius ! with this innocent blood,
I do devote thee to the infernal gods !
Make way there !

App. Stop him ! Seize him !

Vir. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is madden’d
With drinking my daughter’s blood, why let them : Thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there ! Way !

[Exit through the Soldiers.]

“ Enter HONORIUS and VALERIUS.

Hon. What tumult’s this ? —

The fair Virginia
Kill’d by her father’s hand, to save her from
The lust of Appius Claudius ! Most foul cause
That makes so dark a deed look fair ?

App. Remove
The body, Lictors.

Icil. At the peril of
Their lives ! Death is abroad, at work, and most
In earnest when with such a feat as this
He opens his exploits !

App. Obey me, slaves !

Hon. Defend the body, freemen. There’s a spark
Remaining still, which, though not strong enough
To light it up with its own beauteous life,
May yet rekindle liberty, and save
Expiring Rome !

Citizens. It shall not be removed !

App. Seize it, I say !

Val. Back, slaves ! Give place to freemen

[A tumult ensues : the people deprive the Lictors of their
fasces, and drive them, with the Soldiers, with Appius
Claudius, &c. off the stage, then return shouting.

Icil. Ay, shout and shout : a far more glorious cause
Call’d for your voices, and you had not then
The breath to whisper. How that ear had thank’d you,
Had you as tender been of the jewel of
Its precious sense as of the empty casket !

Hon. A litter, citizens, to lift the body,
And bear it through the streets ; the spectacle
Will fill all eyes with tears, all hearts with fire !

Icil. No hand but mine shall touch it : I will be
Its living bier.

Hon. Icilius, listen to me !

Thou art not thyself, and knowest not
There is a sweeter strain than that of grief—
Revenge, that drowns it. Suffer us to bear
Thy bride along the streets ; a second, but
Unstained Lucretia, buying with her blood
The life of Rome and freedom !

Icil. Rome and freedom !

There is your ransom ! such a costly one—
O, you are dear, to be so dearly won !

[*Eveunt.*"]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter APPIAS, L.

App. I do abjure all further league with them :
They have most basely yielded up their pow'r,
" And compromis'd their glory. Had they died
In their high seats, they had liv'd demi-gods ;
But not they live to die like basest men !"
Power gone, life follows ! (c.) Well ! 'tis well we know
The worst ! (r.) The worst ?—The worst is yet to come,
And, if I err not, hither speeds a messenger
Whose heel it treads upon.

*Enter VIBULANUS, hastily, and other Decemvirs, with
MARCUS, L.*

Vibul. Honorius and Valerius are elected
To the Consulate.—Virginius is made Tribune.

App. " No doubt they'd fill their offices, when ours
Were laid so poorly down.—You have acted wisely !

Vibul. Who could resist Virginius, raving at
The head of the revolted troops, with all
The commons up in arms ? Waste not dear time !
Look to your safety, Appius. 'Tis resolv'd
To cite you instantly before the Consuls.

App. Look to my safety, say you? You would bid
 A man, that's tumbling from a precipice
 A hundred fathoms high, and midway down,
 Look to his safety! What has he to snatch at?
 Air!—E'en so much have I.

Vibul. Withdraw awhile
 From Rome. We shall recall you with applause
 And honours.

App. Yes! you saw me on the brink—
 Beheld it giving way beneath my feet—
 And saw me tottering o'er the hideous leap,
 Whose sight sent round the brain with madd'ning whirl.
 With but a twig to stay me, which you cut,
 Because it was your friend that hung by it—
 Most kindly.

Vibul. Nay, “employ the present time
 In looking to your safety—“ that secured,
 Reproach us as you will.”

App. I am in your hands,
 Lead me which way you please.

Icilius. [Without.] Hold! Stand!

*Enter Icilius, with Honorius and Valerius as Consuls,
 Numitorius and Lictors, L.*

Icil. Did I not tell you 'twas the tyrant? Look,
 Was I not right? I felt that he was present
 Ere mine eye told it me.—You are our prisoner

App. On what pretence, Icilius?

Icil. Ask of poor
 Virginius, tottering between despair
 And madness, as he seeks the home, where once
 He found a daughter!

App. I demand due time
 To make up my defence.

Icil. Demand due time!
 Appius!—Assign the cause, why you denied
 A Roman maid, of free condition,
 Her liberty provisionally, while
 Her plea remain'd unjudg'd. No answer, Appius
 Lictors, lay hold upon him—to prison with him!
 Look to him well. To prison with the tyrant!

[*Exeunt Appius and Lictors, R. Icilius and Numitorius*]

Vibul. Let all his friends, that their own safety prize,
 Solicit straight for his enlargement; doff

Their marks of station, and to the vulgar eye
 Disguise it with the garb of mourning ; 'twill
 Conciliate the crowd.—We know them well :
 But humour them, they are water soon as fire !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*Virginia's House.*

Enter LUCIUS and SERVIA, L.

Luc. (c.) Is he not yet come home ?

Servia. (c.) Not since her death.

I dread his coming home, good Lucius.

Luc. (L.) A step ! 'Tis Numitorius and Virginius.

Servia. Gods ! how he looks !—See, Lucius, how he looks !

Enter VIRGINIUS, attended by NUMITORIUS and others, L.

Vir. (c.) 'Tis ease ! 'Tis ease ! I am content ! 'Tis peace,
 'Tis any thing that is most soft and quiet.
 And after such a dream !—I want my daughter ;
 Send me my daughter !

Num. Yes, his reason's gone.

Scarce had he come in sight of his once sweet
 And happy home, ere with a cry he fell
 As one struck dead.—When to himself he came,
 We found him as you see. How is it, brother ?

Vir. How should it be but well ? Our cause is good.
 Think you Rome will stand by, and see a man
 Robb'd of his child ? We are bad enough, but yet
 They should not so mistake us. "We are slaves,
 But not yet monsters."—Call my daughter to me.
 What keeps her thus ? I never stept within
 The threshold yet, without her meeting me
 With a kiss. She's very long coming. Call her

Num. Icilius comes ! See, my Icilius, see !

Enter ICILIUS, L.

Vir. Come, come, make ready. Brother, you and he
 Go on before : I'll bring her after you.

Icil. Ha !

Num. My Icilius, what a sight is there !
 Virginius' reason is a wreck, so stripp'd
 And broken by wave and wind, you scarce
 Would know it was the gallant bark you saw
 Riding so late in safety !

Icil. [Taking *Virginius's* hand.] Father! Father!
That art no more a father!

Vir. Ha! what wet
Is this upon my hand? a tear, boy? Fie,
For shame! Is that the weapon you would guard
Your bride with? First assay what steel can do!

Num. Not a tear has bless'd his eye since her death!

No wonder.

The fever of his brain, that now burns out,
Has drunk the source of sorrow's torrents dry.

Icil. You would not have it otherwise? "Twas fit
The bolt, that struck the sole remaining branch,
And blasted it, should set the trunk on fire!

Num. If we could make him weep—

Icil. (L.) I have that will make him,
If aught will do it. "Tis her urn. "Twas that
Which first drew tears from me. I'll fetch it. But
I cannot think you wise, to wake a man
Who's at the mercy of a tempest. Better
You suffer him to sleep it through. [Exit *Icilius*, L.

Vir. Gather your friends together: tell them of
Dentatus' murder. Screw the chord of rage
To the topmost pitch. Mine own is not mine own

[Laughs.]

That's strange enough. Why does he not dispute
My right to my own flesh, and tell my heart
Its blood is not its own? He might as well. [Laughs]
But I want my child.

Enter *Lucius*, L.

Luc. Justice will be defeated!

Vir. (c.) Who says that?

He lies in the face of the gods! She is immutable,
Immaculate, and immortal! And though all
The guilty globe should blaze, she will spring up
Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile,
With not a downy feather ruffled by
Its fierceness!

Num. (L. c.) He is not himself! What new
Oppression comes to tell us to our teeth,
We only mock'd ourselves to think the days
Of thralldom past?

Luc. The friends of *Appius*
Beset the people with solicitations.
The fickle crowd, that change with every change,

Begin to doubt and soften. Every moment
That's lost, a friend is lost. Appear among
Your friends, or lose them !

Num. Lucius, you
Remain and watch Virginius.

[*Exit, followed by all but Lucius and Servia.*

Vir. You remember,
Don't you, nurse !

Servia. What, Virginius ?

Vir. That she nurs'd
The child herself. "Inquire among your gossips,
Which of them saw it ; and, with such of them
As can avouch the fact, without delay
Repair to the Forum." Will she come or not ?
I'll call myself :—She will not dare !—O when
Did my Virginia dare—Virginia !
Is it a voice, or nothing answers me ?
I hear a sound so fine—there's nothing lives
"Twixt it and silence. "Such a slender one
I've heard when I have talk'd with her in fancy !
A phantom sound !" Aha ! She is not here !
They told me she was here : they have deceiv'd me ;
And Appius was not made to give her up,
But keeps her, and effects his wicked purpose
While I stand talking here, and ask you if
My daughter is my daughter ! Though a legion
Sentryed that brothel, which he calls his palace,
I'd tear her from him !

Luc. Hold, Virginius ! Stay :
Appius is now in prison.

Vir. With my daughter !
He has secur'd her there ! Ha ! has he so ?
Gay office for a dungeon ! Hold me not,
Or I will dash you down, and spoil you for
My keeper. My Virginia, struggle with him !
Appal him with thy shrieks ; ne'er faint, ne'er faint !
I am coming to thee ! I am coming to thee !

[*Virginius rushes out, L. followed by Lucius
Servia, and others.*

SCENE III.—*A Dungeon*

APPIUS discovered.

Appi From the palace to the dungeon is a road
Trod oft, not oft retrod. What hope have I
To pace it back again ? I know of none.

I am as one that's dead ! " The dungeon, that
 Encloses fallen greatness, may as well
 Be calted its tomb." I am as much the carcass
 Of myself, as if the string were taken from
 My neck. Their hands long for the office. O,
 'Tis worth the half of a plebeian's life,
 To get his greasy fingers on the throat
 Of a patrician ! But I'll baulk them. Come !
 Appius shall have an executioner
 No less illustrious than himself.

[*He is on the point of swallowing poison, when Vibulanus enters, R.*

Who's there ?

Vibul. Your friend !

App. My Vibulanus !

Vibul. Appius, what
 Was that you hid in such confusion, as
 I enter'd ?

App. 'Tis a draught for life, which, swallow'd,
 She relishes so richly, that she cares not
 If she ne'er drink again ! Here's health to you !

Vibul. Not out of such a cup as that, my Appius.
 " Despair, that bids you drink it, as the cure
 Of canker'd life, but lies to you, and turns
 Your eyes from hope, that even now stands ready
 With outstretch'd arms to rush to your embrace."
 Your friends are busy for you with your foes—
 Your foes become your friends. Where'er a frown
 Appears against you, nothing's spar'd to make
 The wearer doff it, and put up a smile
 In its stead. " Your colleague Oppius is in prison.
 Your client too. Their harm's your safety : it
 Distracts the appetite o' the dogs. They drop
 The morsel they took up before, as soon
 As a new one's thrown to them."

App. Thou giv'st me life
 Indeed !

Vibul. That I may give thee life indeed,
 I'll waste no longer time with thee ; " for that
 Already taken to assure thee of
 Thy fast reviving fortunes, cheats them of
 The aid should help to re-establish them."
 Farewell, my Appius ! If my absence takes
 A friend from thee, it leaves one with thee—Hope !

[*Exit, R.*

App. And I will clasp it to me ! Never friend
 Made sweeter promises. But snatch me from
 Beneath the feet of the vile herd, that's now
 Broke loose and roams at large, I'll show them who
 They'd trample on. "Hope ! Hope ! They say of thee,
 Thou art a friend that promises, but cares not
 To keep his word. This once keep thine with Appius,
 And he will give thee out so true a tongue,
 Thy word is bond enough!"—At liberty !
 Again at liberty ! O give me power
 As well, for every minute of my thraldom
 I'll pick a victim from the common herd
 Shall groan his life in bondage. "Liberty !
 'Tis triumph, power, dominion, every thing !"
 Are ye not open yet, ye servile gates ?
 Let fall your chains, and push your bolts aside !
 It is your past and future lord commands you !

Vir. [Rushing in, R.] Give me my daughter !

App. Ha !

Vir. My child ! my daughter !
 My daughter ! my Virginia ! Give her me !

App. Thy daughter !

Vir. Ay ! Deny that she is mine
 And I will strangle thee, unless the lie
 Should choke thee first.

App. Thy daughter !

Vir. Play not with me !

Provoke me not ! Equivocate, and lo !
 Thou sport'st with fire. I am wild, distracted, mad !
 I am all a flame—a flame ! I tell thee, once
 For all, I want my child, and I will have her ;
 So give her to me.

App. Cag'd with a madman ! Hoa !
 Without there !

Vir. Not a step thou stirr'st from hence,
 Till I have found my child. "Attempt that noise
 Again, and I will stop the vent, that not
 A squeak shall pass it. There are plugs for you
 Will keep it air-tight [Showing his fingers.] "Please you,
 give me back
 My daughter.

App. In truth she is not here, Virginius ;
 Or I would give her to thee.

Vir. Would ? Ay, should !
 Tho' would were would not. Do you say, indeed,

She is not here? You nothing know of her

App. Nothing, Virginius! good Virginius, nothing.

Vir. How if I thrust my hand into your breast,
And tore your heart out, and confronted it
With your tongue? I'd like it. Shall we try it? Fool!
Are not the ruffians leagued? The one would swear
To the tale o' the other.

App. By the gods, Virginius,
Your daughter is not in my keeping

Vir. Well,
Then I must seek her elsewhere. I did dream
That I had murder'd her—'Tis false! 'twas but
A dream—She isn't here, you say—Well! well!
Then I must go and seek her elsewhere—Yet
She's not at home—and where else should I seek her
But there or here? Here! here! here! Yes, I say,
But there or here—I tell you I must find her—
She must be here, or what do you here? What
But such a wonder of rich beauty could
Deck out a dungeon so as to despoil
A palace of its tenant? Art thou not
The tyrant Appius? Did'st thou not decree
My daughter to be Claudius' slave, who gave her
To his master? Have you not secur'd her here
To compass her dishonour, ere her father
Arrives to claim her?

App. No.

Vir. Do you tell me so?

Vile tyrant! Think you, shall I not believe
My own eyes before your tongue? Why, there she is!
There at your back—her locks dishevell'd and
Her vestment torn! Her cheeks all faded with
Her pouring tears, "as flowers with too much rain!"
Her form no longer kept and treasur'd up
"By her maiden-pride, like a rich casket, cast
Aside, neglected and forgot, because
The richer gem was shrin'd in it is lost!"
Villain! is this a sight to shew a father?
And have I not a weapon to requite thee?

[Searches about his clothes.]

Ha! here are ten!

App. Keep down your hands? Help! help!

Vir. No other look but that! Look on! look on!
It turns my very flesh to steel—Brave girl!

Keep thine eye fix'd—let it not wink—Look on!

[*Exeunt, struggling, L.*

Enter (r.) NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS LUCIUS, Guard and Soldier.

Num. Not here!

Luc. Is this the dungeon? Appius is not here, Nor yet Virginius. You have sure mistaken.

Guard. This is the dungeon—Here Virginius entered.

Num. Yet is not here! Hush! The abode of death Is just as silent. Gods! should the tyrant take The father's life, in satisfaction for The deed that robb'd him of the daughter's charms— Hush! hark! A groan! There's something stirs.

Luc. 'Tis this way!

Num. Come on! Protect him, gods, or pardon me If with my own hand I revenge his death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Dungeon.—Virginius discovered on one knee, with Appius lying dead before him.*

Enter NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, with the Urn of VIRGINIA, and LUCIUS.

Num. What's here? Virginius! with the tyrant prostrate and dead!

Luc. His senses are benumb'd; there is no audit to his mind, by which our words can reach it. Help to raise him: the motion may recal perception.

Num. His eye is not so deathlike fix'd: it moves a little.

Luc. Speak to him, Numitorius: he knows your voice the best.

Num. Virginius!

Luc. I think he hears you; speak again.

Num. Virginius!

Vir. Ah! [*Virginius rises and comes forward, supported by Numitorius and Lucius.*

Luc. That sigh has burst the spell which held him.

Num. Virginius! my dear brother!

Vir. Lighter! lighter! My heart is ten times lighter! What a load it has heav'd off! Where is he? I thought I had done it.

Num. Virginius!

Vir. Well, who are you? What do you want? I'll answer what I've done.

Num. Do you know me, brother? Speak, Icilius; try if he knows you.

Icil. (R.) Virginius!

Num. Try again.

Icil. Virginius!

Vir. [Sinking.] That voice—that voice—I know that voice!

It minds me of a voice was coupled with it,
And made such music, once to hear it was
Enough to make it ever after be

Remember'd! *[Icilius places the Urn in his right hand.*

What's this?

Icil. Virginia!

THE END.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Virginius looks alternately at Icilius and the Urn—looks at Numitorius and Lucius—seems particularly struck by his mourning—looks at the Urn again—bursts into a passion of tears, and exclaims, "Virginia?"—Falls on Icilius's neck.
Curtain drops.

R.]

[L.

PROLOGUE,

Written by J. H. Reynolds, Esq. and spoken by Miss Booth.

[Speaking behind.] NAY, Mr. Fawcett, give me leave, I pray :

The audience wait, and I must have my way. [Enters.
What ! curb a woman's tongue !—As I'm alive,
The wretch would mar our old prerogative !
Ladies ! by very dint of pertinacity,
Have I preserv'd the glory of loquacity.

Oh ! could you gaze, as I am gazing now,
And see each man behind, with gather'd brow
And clenched hand (tho' nought my spirit damps)
Beckoning, with threats, my presence from the lamps :
Each, as I broke my way, declared how well
His art could woo you—to be peaceable !
One is well robed—a second greatly shines
In the nice balance of *cast-iron* lines ;
A third can sing—a fourth can touch your tears—
A fifth—“ I'll see no more !”—a fifth appears,
Who had been once in Italy, and seen Rome ;
In short—there's quite a hubbub in the Green-Room
But I—a very woman—careless—light—
Fleet idly to your presence, this fair night ;
And, craving your sweet pardon, fain would say
A kind word for the poet and his play.

To-night, no idle nondescript lays waste
The fairy and yet placid bower of taste :
No story, piled with dark and cumbrous fate,
And words that stagger under their own weight,
But one of silent grandeur—simply said,
As tho' it were awaken'd from the dead !
It is a tale—made beautiful by years ;—
Of pure, old, Roman sorrow—old in tears !
And those, you shed o'er it in childhood, may
Still fall—and fall—for sweet Virginia !

Nor doth a crowned poet of the age
Call the sweet spirits from the historic page !
No old familiar dramatist hath spun
This tragic, antique web, to-night—but one,
An unknown author, in a sister land,
Waits, in young fear, the fiat of your hand.

EPILOGUE,

Written by Barry Cornwall, Esq. and spoken by Miss Brunton.

LEAVING the common path, which many tread,
We will not wake with jokes our poet's dead ;
Nor shame the young creations of his pen,
By bidding all, who've perish'd, be again.
The pale Virginia, in her bloody shroud,
Lies like a shrined saint.—Oh ! then, aloud
Shall we break scurril jests, and bid depart
Those thoughts of her, which fill and teach the heart ?
No moral now we offer, squar'd in form,
But Pity, like the sun-light, bright and warm,
Comes mix'd with showers ; and, fading, leaves behind
A beauty and a blossom on the mind.
We do not strain to show that “ thus it grows ; ”
And “ hence we learn ” what every body knows :
But casting idle dogmas (words) aside,
We paint a villain in his purple pride ;
And tearing down a pow'r, that grew too bold,
Show merely what was done in days of old.
Leaving this image on the soul, we go
Unto our gentler story, touch'd with woe,
(With woe that wantons not, nor wears away
The heart) and love too perfect for decay.
But whatsoe'er we do, we will not shame
Your better feeling, with an idle game
Of grin and mimicry (a loathsome task !)
Or strip the great Muse of her mighty mask,
And hoot her from her throne of tears and sighs,
Until, from folly and base jest, she dies.
No : let her life be long, her reign supreme—
If but a dream, it is a glorious dream.
Dwell then upon our tale ; and bear along
With you, deep thoughts—of love—of bitter wrong
Of freedom—of sad pity—and lust of power.
The tale is fitted for an after hour.

